THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIX

March, '48 was a season of nervous tremor to the British Empire. The exciting news that came in every week from France, Germany, and Italy, intoxicated our people like wine; and the enemy knaw that men's minds were entirely turned away from what used to be called "moral" agitation,—which had, indeed, been discovered to be extremely immoral. The structure of the British parliament, and the delusive semblance of representation which Ireland possessed there, had been carefully calculated for the purpose of our enemy. That was a field expressly laid out and surveyed to ensure our eternal defeat. At the very moment that Europe shook with the crashing downfall of the Orleans throne, the Irish Confederation was using all its efforts, in prosecution of the policy deliberately adopted, to procure the return of Thomas Francis Meagher as representative of his native city, Waterford. He was opposed by a Repealer of the O'Connellite school.

You may ask what was the difference between the constitutionally agitating Repeal Association, and the constitutionally agitating Confederation? Why should they oppose one another in Waterford? Understand this distinction: the policy of the Repeal Association was to put men into parliament who would crave office for themselves and their constituents at the hands of the enemy's government, professing all the while to be seeking for the Repeal. The Confederation was for returning men who would stand on terms of utter defiance towards the "Government," and use their position only to expose and frustrate, as far as possible, all British legislation for Ireland. With reluctance I opposed in the *United Irishman* the return of my friend, Mr. Meagher. To explain both his position and mine, I shall extract from the article in the *United Irishman:*

"If Ireland had one single chance in contending with her ancient enemy upon his own chosen ground,—if Ireland had any right to send representatives to a British parliament,—if Irishmen, there were indeed members of an Imperial senate, and not captives dragged at the chariot wheels of an Imperial ovation in the enemy's capital city,—if that parliament were not a lie, an imposture, an outrage, a game in which our part and lot must be disgrace and defeat forever, a shield and stong tower for its masters, but against us a two-edged sword,—if it were anything to Ireland besides a conduit of corruption, a workshop of coercion, a storehouse of starvation, a machinery of cheating, and a perpetual memento of slavery,—then we should congratulate the 'electors' of Waterford on this opportunity of doing honor to themselves, and conferring a trust on their most distinguished citizen.

"Mr. Thomas F. Meagher has offered himself as their representative We give an extract from his address:

"The grounds upon which I seek your trust are these: I shall not meddle with English affairs. I shall take no part in the strife of parties; all factions are alike to me. I shall go to the English house of commons to insist upon the right of this country to be held, governed, and defended by its own citizens and by them alone. While I live, I shall never rest satisfied until the kingdom of Ireland has won a parliament, an army, and a navy of her own.

. . . . . .

"'Of other things I shall not speak—petty ameliorations—instalments of justice—scraps of government patronage;—if these things mingle in the burning hopes of the nation, the day for Ireland has not yet arrived, and I shall wait for other men and other times.

"'But if your thirst be, what I hope it is, for the pure and living waters;—and if you think that my youth and strength, my glory here and hope hereafter, would inspire my efforts to realize your wishes,—every personal objection to me will disappear. You will pledge your trust to my truth, and that obligation will, by its own holiness, compel me to fulfill it.'

"They are noble sentiments; and if there be faith in man, here is a man who will redeem his pledges. What glorious genius, indomitable courage, and passionate devotion to a sacred cause can do, we might expect to see done by Mr. Meagher.

"Yet we pray for his defeat. If Mr. Meagher were in parliament men's eyes would be attracted thither once more; some hope of 'justice' might again revive in this too easily deluded people. The nobler his genius, the more earnest his zeal, the more conspicuous his patriotism, just the more mischief would he do in propping up, through another session, perhaps through another famine, the miserable delusion of a 'parliamentary party.'"

Mr. Meagher's opponents were, first, one Pat Costello, a placeman already, and one who desired to be a higher placeman, and to make as many as possible of his constituents placemen too—that is, hired servants of the enemy; second, Sir Henry Winston Barron, a Whig. A number of our principal Confederates went down to Waterford, to conduct Meagher's election, as they had gone to Galway before, to oppose Monahan's; and again they were defeated more signally than in Galway In vain the candidate, in vehement and impassioned language, appealed to the national spirit and patriotism of the people. The people ardently responded to his appeal. They would have given their blood for him; but they had no votes. The electoral body of Waterford was very limited—was, in fact, small enough to be reached and penetrated by the touch and the savor of official gold; and Barron was returned by a large majority.

Frankly, and at once, the Confederation accepted the only policy thereafter possible, and acknowledged the meaning of the European revolutions. On March 15, O'Brien moved an address of congratulation to the victorious French people, and ended his speech with these words:

'It would be recollected that a short time ago he thought it his duty to deprecate all attempts to turn the attention of the people to military affairs, because it seemed to him that, in the then condition of the country, the only effect of leading the people's mind to what was called 'a guerilla warfare' would be to encourage some of the misguided peasantry to the commission of murder (hear, hear). Therefore it was that he declared he should not be a party to giving such a recommendation; but the state of affairs was totally different now, and he had no hesitation in declaring that he thought the minds of intelligent young men should be turned to the consideration of such questions as: how strong places can be captured, and weak ones defended;—how supplies of food and ammunition can be cut off from an enemy;—and how they can be secured to a friendly force. The time has also come when every lover of his country should come forward openly and proclaim his willingness to be enrolled as a member of a national guard (hear, and loud cheers). No man, however, should tender his name as a member of that national guard unless he was prepared to do two things—one, to preserve the state from anarchy; the other, to be ready to die for the defense of his country."

Few days after this meeting was St. Patrick's Day. A meeting of the citizens of Dublin was announced for that anniversary to adopt a similar address, from Dublin to Paris, but was adjourned or two or three days, to allow time for negotiations to unite all Repealers of the two parties in the demonstration. Lord Clarendon, doubtless under the advice of his privy-councillor of the *World*, thought it would be a good opportunity to strike terror by a military display. He pretended to apprehend that St. Patrick's Day would be selected for the first day of Dublin barricades; and the troops were kept under arms—the cavalry with horses ready saddled in all the barracks, waiting for the moment to crush the first movement in the blood of our citizens.

The meeting, as I said, was adjourned; but there was no intention of abandoning it. O'Brien had offered, even in case of a Proclamation forbidding it, to attend and take the chair; and what he promised, the enemy well knew he would perform In a letter to Lord Clarendon, I felt myself warranted in apprising him that the meeting would assuredly take place on the following Monday, whatever he might do or say to the contrary. It was held in a vacant space near the river, below the Custom House, and was multitudinous and enthusiastic. No parade of troops was attempted; but we knew that the public buildings and some private houses were filled with detachments under arms. These addresses, both from the Confederation and from the city, were to be presented in Paris to the President of the Provisional government, M. de Lamartine; and O'Brien, Meagher and an intelligent tradesman of high character and independence of mind, named Hollywood, were appointed a deputation to Paris.

All this, it was evident, could not go on long. The clubs were, in the meantime, rapidly arming themselves with rifles; and blacksmiths' forges were prolific of pikeheads. We hoped, and the government feared, that no armed collision would be made necessary until September, when the harvest would be all cut, and when the commissariat of the people's war, the cause of the war, and the prize of the war, would be all bound up in a sheaf together. But the foe we had to deal with was no weak fool. The government understood our views thoroughly, and resolved to precipitate the issue somehow or other. On the morning after that meeting of Dublin citizens, three of us—Smith O'Brien, Mr. Meagher and myself, were politely waited on by a police magistrate, and requested to give bail that we would stand our trial on a charge of sedition. The ground of prosecution in the two former cases was the language held at a meeting of the Irish Confederation (quoted above in part);—in my case, there were two distinct indictments, for two articles in the *United Irishman*. I was to have two trials, so that if one should fail another might happily succeed. Trials for sedition we regarded as child's play, and showed that we so regarded them O'Brien and Meagher proceeded to France and presented their address.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

In Luck Certain.

After trying to sell books, pictures and wringers, and nearly every contrivance imaginable, I became discouraged and thought there was no chance for a poor man to earn a living. There was nothing to do on the farm, and I could not get a job in town, when I happened to see how a teacher made money selling platers and thought I would try my luck. I bought a $5 Lightning Plater from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and from that day my luck seemed to change. I carried the plater from house to house and plated knives, forks and spoons, right before the folks, and it is surprising how many want their things plated. I made $3 70 the first day, and in one week $28. I can plate with nickel, silver or gold. The work is fine, my customers are pleased and I am happy. I hope some other fellow, who is down on his luck, will see this and do as I have done and get up in the world.

WILLIAM EVANS.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

Mr. Peter White Gives in Detail the Projected Exhibit at the World's Fair.

It Will Certainly be a Most Interesting Section of the Mart of Nations.

To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 2—Knowing the great practical interest you take in everything pertaining to the welfare of Ireland, I feel that I have not done my duty in neglecting to place before you ere this, a full account of our proposed work at the forthcoming World's Fair in Chicago. In the articles which you have published in your paper, from time to time, you have shown that you appreciate and comprehend the nature of the work we are engaged in. I will, therefore, content myself with endeavoring to give you some of the details.

We propose to build this Irish village under the auspices of the Irish Industries Association, which was formed in 1886 by the Countess of Aberdeen, and which counts among its members men and women of every class, creed and political opinion. It embraces men of the most divergent views, religious and political men who are bitterly opposed to one another in the political arena, but who think that there are certain times even in Ireland, when politics may get a rest, and a combined effort can be usefully made to revive our extinct industries or stimulate the existing ones.

As you know such a work has few attractions. The disadvantages our people labor under are so many and so great that finding the field unproductive there are few who persevere in those industrial projects, I, therefore, claim that this association although formed only in 1886, savors somewhat of antiquity, and it has already made its mark, in reviving and developing the lace industry, one in which it would appear that Ireland has no competitor.

There are handmade laces at the present time, made in the convent schools of Youghal, Kenmare, Carrickmacross and New Ross, that are pronounced by expert judges in London, to be works of art unequalled elsewhere.

Recently the Art Museum of South Kensington purchased from the convent in Youghal at £80 per yard a piece of lace to exhibit among their art treasures as an instructive exhibit. It is true that even on those magnificent pieces of work small wages are earned, but to the small farmer's household it is a work in which the members take a pride and are satisfied with small profit.

The Irish Industries Association have devoted themselves for the past two years in obtaining from the different schools of artistic design, both in England and on the continent, the most artistic drawings and improved patterns, which they have distributed among the districts where this lace industry existed. In this way they were able to make the work of those poor girls more valuable, and in some instances they were enabled to take a promising student from a country district and place her at the Dublin School of Art. This has been productive of great results. One young lady thus educated directs a lace school in Carrickmacross, county Monaghan, where at present she employs over fifty workers.

We hope to illustrate in our Irish village, lace making after three different methods, and by our exhibition generally, we hope to draw the attention of the people of this country to the possibilities of living that exists in Ireland under better auspices. We will devote three or four cottages to showing of the old wooden industry as being carried on in Donegal. We will bring over the wool grown on the mountain sheep; the carding, etc., will be carried on as it was two hundred ago, the loom we will use has been fifty years in work, and we will show how the dyeing and finishing are done on the co-operative principle which exists among the Irish peasantry.

We consider that the masses of the people will be tired and weary of examining the intricacies and development of modern machinery, and we think they will not be unwilling to turn aside from the "madding crowd" and contemplate in our village, the simple methods and the guileless life of an Irish peasant.

Again, we intend to place before the visitors what we designate a model dairy. It is the intention in this exhibit to show the ancient in preference to the modern, and we think that many will come away wishing they could have always with them or at their service an old Irish dairy, supplied by Kerry cows, and worked by Irish lasses.

We hope to illustrate the progress that has been made recently in Ireland in the art of wood carving, and we have devoted one of our largest cottages for a work shop of this class. With this exhibit we hope to include carved bog oak sticks, and the real genuine Irish black thorn, polished and in its natural state dried and ready for use.

Linen and damask weaving will also be carried on in our street, and in connection with this we hope to show some specimens produced by an educational school, founded and worked by the Sisters of Mercy at Skibereen.

This is a short outline of the basis on which we intend to work our village. We will have in all sixteen cottages, which will be all occupied by different industries.

We have not forgotten the architectural portion, and have undertaken to reproduce the gothic entrance of the historic Rock of Cashel, while the visitor will have an opportunity before leaving of wandering through the cloisters of the celebrated Abbey of Muckross, which visitors to Killarney so much admire, and last though not least, we will build an exact reproduction of famous Blarney Castle.

In the center of our village we will have a few old Celtic crosses, while to make it as realistic as possible we will import quite a lot of Irish turf.

This scheme of which I have given you but a very imperfect outline will be of considerable dimensions, and when you recollect that it has to be built and carried out by voluntary subscriptions you will recognize the task is no easy one. The buildings alone will cost us $30,000, and the expense of bringing over at least twenty workers and maintaining them, and stocking the village, will come to half as much more. We have had several friends give us substantial aid, and we are encouraged to carry on the work in the face of many disadvantages, by the thought that the exhibit will be one of the most interesting exhibits shown at the great gatherings of the nations in Chicago next year. We feel that such an assembly would not be complete with Ireland left out, or merely included as part of a British exhibit.

There is so much of social and historical interest in Ireland, that will interest and instruct the people of this and other new countries that we only wish we had some control of our own revenues and could allocate an adequate sum to make our Irish village what it really should be.

PETER WHITE

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY ANNE DENIEFFE

We regret to have to announce the death of the above named lady, which took place at the family residence, No. 500 Marshfield avenue, on the 5 h inst., after a severe illness of several months, borne with Christian fortitude. She passed peacefully away comforted by all the sacraments of the Catholic religion, and surrounded by every member of her family and several friends. On Wednesday, the 7th, at 10 o'clock a. m., requiem mass was offered up at St. Charles' Borromeo's church, by Rev. Father Jennings. The remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, followed by a large number of friends. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. P.W. Dunne, J. R. Murphy, James Walsh, W. F. Smith, M. McGovern, R. Prendergast and T. P. O'Connor. The deceased leaves three daughters and her husband, Mr. Joseph Denieffe, one of the truest sons of Ireland, as he proved in the troublous times from 1865 to 1867. Mrs. Denieffe was very domestic in her tastes, and devoted her whole time to her family duties, but she was the soul of hospitality, which many a member of the old I. R. B. in the days that tried men's souls, can testify. The household moved to Chicago from Springfield, O., about five years ago. THE CITIZEN extends to the bereaved family its heartfelt sympathy.

OFFICER JOHN O'CONNOR.

Officer John O'Connor, of the Chicago police force, died at his residence, No. 461 West Taylor street, on the 29 h ult., of a complication of diseases, from which he had suffered for about two years. He was born near Cahermoyle, the estate of the late William Smith O'Brien, in the county of Limerick, Ireland, 42 years ago, and came to this country after the Fenian raid of 1867, in which he bravely participated, distinguishing himself particularly in the bold attack on Ardagh constabulary barracks, which was led by his uncle, Mr. Patrick O'Connor, brother of our patriotic and distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. L H. O'Connor. The O'Connors of Limerick, root and branch, have always been staunch Irish Nationalists, both at home and abroad, and Officer O'Connor was no exception to the rule. He was a most efficient public servant and his death is greatly mourned by his comrades, as well as by his family and friends He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter to mourn a terrible bereavement. The funeral occurred from the residence to the Jesuit church, on Thursday morning of last week, and was numerously attended. A platoon of police, from Maxwell street station, acted as an escort of honor. The interment was at Calvary. Mr. O'Connor was a member of the Policemen's Benevolent Association and other beneficial associations.

MR. THOMAS J GARRIGAN.

Mr. Thomas J. Garrigan, manager for Burley & Co., the wholesale crockery house at No. 82 Lake street, was found dead in his room at No. 5634 Madison avenue, Tuesday morning. His wife and son went to Hot Springs some weeks ago and had not yet returned. Mr. Garrigan remained alone in the house. When an officer passed the house Tuesday morning he saw Mr. Garrigan leaning out of an open window in an unnatural position. He entered the house and found that Mr. Garrigan was dead sitting in a chair. Mr. Garrigan had been subject to attacks of heart disease for a number of years.

Keep Off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in ambush is a more dangerous antagonist than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symptoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

COMETS AND CAKES.

A Monster of the Former Persuasion Headed For Us in Dead Earnest, Bent on Our Destruction.

Virtues of the Blooming Buckwheat—A Cake of the Material is a Hot Toddy in Solid Form.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 5—The comet is not going to hurt us. At least that is the verdict of our most scientific astronomer. But just think of it. It is moving "head on" toward the earth at the rate of a million miles every twenty-four hours, and the distance is so great between the earth and this nebulous mass that the close observers only, are able to see that it moves at all from day to day. This comet is said to be six times as far from the sun as the earth's mean distance from the sun. It has more than twice the diameter of the sun and fifteen times its volume. It is now visible nearly overhead, and can be easily seen with an opera glass on a clear night, or with the naked eye by those blessed with clear vision. Unlike the usual comet this one has no tail, and this originality of construction is said to have been the cause of much of the terror that exists among the ignorant in regard to its effect upon the earth. Comets with tails have heretofore proved harmless. Comets without tails are new acquaintances and consequently legitimate subjects of suspicion and fear.

To the various inquiries about style it can be truthfully said that never before in the history of fashion, did there exist so generous a margin for the exhibition of individual taste. Long cloaks and wraps, medium outside garments, and short jackets are equally fashionable. Patterns for these articles of apparel are now so carefully and scientifically cut that many ladies are able to make them at home, and at greatly reduced prices. One of the handsomest wraps I have seen this year was made by a young woman for herself and cost exactly $15 when it was completed. The material was a soft gray cloth, light in weight, but very warm. The body had an extra lining and the sole trimming was composed of very large but, tens. It fitted perfectly, and could not have been bought at any store at this season for less than $30. This girl had plenty of time and wanted to see what she could do, and the necessity was upon her to economize. For most women it would be cheaper to buy the garments at full price. The pressing of such articles is not only very tiresome, but requires considerable patience and much skill.

"I could make me a handsome cloak for the price I could afford to pay," the mother of four little children told me the other day, "but I concluded it was better to wear the old one than to wear myself out." That was a sensible woman. She knew where to draw the line.

Some hats are prettier and more graceful than others, but strictly speaking every description of headgear is fashionable, and it is impossible to discriminate between last winter's hats and bonnets and those of this fall and winter. This ought to be a solace to those who cannot afford new hats. A pretty and extremely natty turban is on exhibition in the window of one of our large dry goods houses, and it can be just as well made by a girl of ordinary gumption. The material was shower proof serge, and was trimmed with a narrow gilt band, a couple of gilt loops tastefully arranged with loops of the serge, and two black quills. The gilt garniture could be easily dispensed with and something else substituted, so that the turban could be worn in all weathers. The girl who wishes to be really stylish in the matter of a hat can accomplish her desire by pulling a couple of quills from the wing feathers of any convenient fowl.

"Why don't you show your readers how to keep from getting tired and how to thoroughly relax the muscles when they are fatigued?" a physician inquired awhile ago. "It seems to me women can help women more in this way than any other." I sighed. I couldn't help it, for I have worked as hard as any trench digger in this matter, and now a man "ups and asks" me why I don't do something about it. I did not explain, but simply accepted the suggestion as a hint that it was time to begin again, so here goes with thanks to the doctor.

If my friends will take the trouble to watch themselves when they are sitting "quietly"—as they call it—they will find that their muscles are in a condition of extreme tension. Very few women know how to rest, and not one in fifty ever really reclines on the bed. They think they do, but they stretch their muscles instead and lie on them. If they will kindly try the experiment, they will at once see that their spines and legs and arms are more or less rigid, and that the form does not sink into the couch. Now this is all wrong, and although it is difficult to entirely overcome the tendency of years it can be done with will and determination.

For an example of thorough relaxation it is well to take the arm of a healthy infant, and see how limp the little hand hangs when the arm is gently shaken. Compare this with the usual adult wrist when in a so-called position of rest. There are very careful directions given for this process of muscle and nerve relaxation in Miss Call's wanderful book, "Power Through Repose." I will gladly answer any letters concerning the best physical exercises for the development of the chest and the prevention and cure of pulmonary disease.

A school teacher in Iowa writes that the best, most satisfactory, and staying breakfasts she ever ate were composed of good buckwheat cakes, a piece of steak, and a cup of coffee. "For heaven's sake," she adds, "don't ever tell a man who has to work all day with hand or brain, or a woman who has to teach school from 9 till 4, to take toast or plain bread with their matin meal. I tell you good buckwheat cakes sustain me as nothing else does till dinner time, and on a cold morning they keep me warm. My present boarding-house keeper does not know how to make them as I have been accustomed to have them. She stirs them up in the morning and they are tough. Will you send her a recipe, and please tell me why some folks seem to think they must cry down this or that article of food simply because it does not happen to agree with them."

This is human nature, and each person must be a law unto himself or herself. The caloric of the buckwheat is the cause of the feeling of comfort on a cold day. Buckwheat cakes should be made over night, and put in a warm place to rise. To a pint bowl of buckwheat add half a cup of Indian meal, a little salt, a tablespoonful of molasses, and warm water enough to make a soft batter in which a Fleischman's yeast cake has been dissolved. This rule is unfailing.

ELEANOR KIRK

No. 698 Greene avenue.

Beginning of Modern War Correspondence

In a sense Julius Cæsar was a war correspondent; only he did not send his "Commentaries" piecemeal from the "theatre of war," but indited them at his leisure in the subsequent peace time. The old "Swedish Intelligencer" of the Gustavus Adolphus period was genuine war correspondence; published indeed tardily, compared with our news of today, but nevertheless fresh from the scene of action, full of distinctiveness, quaint and racy beyond compare. The first modern war correspondent professionally commissioned and paid by a newspaper was Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well known literary man, only recently dead, who was sent to Spain by the *Morning Post* with the "Spanish Legion," which Sir de Lacy Evans commanded in 1837 in the service of the Queen of Spain. But this new departure was not followed up, and no English paper was represented in the great battles of the First and Second Punjab wars. When, at the outset of the Crimean war, in the early summer of 1854, William Howard Russell presented himself to old Sir George Brown in the roadstead of Malta, announcing himself as the correspondent of the *Times*, and tendering an authorization from the minister of war, the apparition was regarded not so much in the light of a revolution, as of an unprecedented and astounding phenomenon. But Russell's credentials could not be ignored, and all the world knows how he became the pen of the war, and how his vigorous exposure of abuses, neglect, and mismanagement contributed mainly to the rescue from absolute extermination of the British army wintering in misery on the Sevastopol plateau. Other papers followed the lead given them by the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News* had its artist-correspondent at the Crimea in the person of Mr. William Simpson, now a veteran, but still traveling and sketching for the journal with which he has been identified for nearly forty years.—*Archibald Forbes, in the Christmas Century.*

Memorial Resolutions.

While at work recently on the Union Depot, Mr. William Carey, of Hegewisch, Ill., stepped on a nail, and not receiving proper medical care, died on Wednesday, Nov. 23. Mr. Carey was a devout Catholic and a member in good standing of Div. No. 2, A. O. H. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a special meeting of Div. No. 2 held Nov. 25:

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our late brother, William Carey, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regard to his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and affection.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased a Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the wife of our departed brother by the Secretary of this Division.

TIMOTHY O'MEARA,
PATRICK COONEY,
ANTHONY HINNAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

"When your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," spoke up a little girl, whose mother had recently been restored to health by that midicine.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER III.

"That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and nationhood demand—
Be sure, the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand."

The Border Land of Breffny—the ancient, warlike, hospitable territory of the O'Rourkes and O'Reillys—was one of the most important districts in Milesian Eire—celebrated in Irish history, lauded in Irish song, renowned in Irish story. The entire of this territory, from the sea to Lough Ramor, was ruled for many centuries by the fine old Irish sept of O'Rourke, descended from the chieftain Ruare, son of Tighernan, whose name, signifying "valiant champion," they justly inherited. While the O'Rourkes ruled over the whole of Breffny their power was immense, and one chieftain of the race not only made himself King of Connacht, but aspired to the sovereignty of Ireland itself. In the thirteenth century a division of Breffny between the O'Rourkes and their kinsmen the O'Reillys, descended from the same fountain-head, took place—the historic Sliabh-an Iarainn, or mountain of Iron, where of old the skilful Tuatha de Danaan *cerd*, Goibnen, erected his forge and first drew from the mountain its iron treasures, and in whose bosom the noble Shannon has birth, being the separating landmark. Thenceforth the O'Rourkes ruled West Breffny, or Breffy O'Rourke, contented with their share; and each succeeding chieftain of the name, standing on his inauguration day on the hill of Cruachan O'Cuproin, near Killeshandra, looked with satisfaction around his newly acquired territory, extending from the white Cuilcagh mountains to the blue ocean, and southward along the eastern bank of the Shannon as far as the ancient *Dun-chladh*, or fortified ditch running from Lough Gowna to Lough Kinclare and separating Breffny from Annaly, the country of the O'Ferralls.

A gloriously romantic country was Breffny—an undulating country of rugged, gray mountains, swelling hills, verdant, luxurious valleys, bright lakes, rushing streams, stately forests—in fact a country well "worth fighting for." Every locality had its own thrilling memory or weird legend of the past, while the immense number of raths scattered over the face of the country evidenced the large population which had anciently occupied the soil, and carried the mind back to the dim past when Tiernmass and his people were struck dead that terrible Samhain might before their great idol Crom Cru—when Bealchu Breffny and his sons fell beneath the steel of Conall Cearnach, who was himself slain in turn at Ballyconnell, so called from him, and when the old king, Hugh Finn, saw the lighted brands miraculously quenched beneath the feet of his daughter Gelges — afterwards mother of the three great Irish saints, Fursey, Foillan, and Ultan—whom he had sentenced to be burnt at the stake for embracing the Christian religion.

The chieftains of Breffny were racy of the soil, and in every way worthy of their ancient inheritance. From the valorous Tiernan O'Ruarc—the friend and ally of Hoderack O'Connor, the forsaken husband, and the hero, if possible, of "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," who was treacherously slain by the Anglo-Normans on the Hill of Ward, and whose body, gibbeted feet upwards on the northern wall of Dublin, was long "a woeful spectacle to the Irish"—down to Owen O'Rourke, who figures in this narrative, the race had produced an innumerable host of noble and patriotic men.

The Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney—he who formed Breffny-O'Rourke of his time: "I found him the proudest man that ever I dealt with in Ireland." This proud old tierna's son was the noble Brian na-Murtha O'Rourke, who for sheltering the shipwrecked Spaniards of a caravel of the luckless Armada that went to pieces on his coast was outlawed and expelled his territory by the avaricious deputy Fitzwilliam. Seized in Scotland by James VI (afterwards king of England), he was sent in chains to London, where he was put on his trial for high treason. He refused to kneel before the insignia of English royalty and—not knowing English—to plead before an English tribunal. Condemned to death, he merely petitioned the queen "that he might be hanged with a gad or wythe, after his own country fashion"; and so, with manly fortitude and resignation, he met his death in the land of the stranger foe. A valorous successor had he in his son, Brian Oge, whose prowess the English felt in many a fierce conflict from the Curlieu Pass to Kinsale. One of the last that held out after O'Neill's war, he sheltered in his castle Maguire of Fermanagh and received the O'Sullivans after their heroic march, in the depth of winter, from Bantry. But driven from Breffny by the treachery of his step-brother Teige, he fled to Galway, where he died, and Rosserelly Abbey received all that was mortal of the gallant Brian Oge O'Rourke.

The treacherous step-brother was rewarded by his alien allies with the title of knight and the grant of some hundred acres of land, but he did not long enjoy the fruits of his treason. After his death his son Brian was summoned to London, and told that he should allow Breffny to be colonized with English and Scotch settlers. Refusing to do so, he was imprisoned in the Tower (A.D. 1615), and then the ancient territory became the prey of greedy strangers. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the royal favorite, made good use of his influence in getting large grants of the doomed district, over which sprung up rapidly the strong castles and bawns of fortunate "Undertakers;" and thus the work of confiscation was completed, and the native population brought under the iron rule of aliens in creed, race, and sympathies.

Can it be wondered that, thus wretchedly circumstanced, the chieftains of Breffny should embrace any project, however dangerous or disheartening, to wrest their ancient inheritance from the spoiler and free their native land from tyranny?

Dromahaire Castle, a gray old stronghold on the bank of the sparkling and lasting Bonet—Buanaid, the "lasting river"—was still the residence of the O'Rourkes, being tenanted by Owen, heretofore alluded to, the chief representative of the ancient Brefnian line. He and his two brothers, Con and Brian Ballach, were sons of Tiernan Bane O'Rourke. Their estates were of small limit, indeed. In the immediate vicinity of the old stronghold arose the new castle and bawn of a prominent Undertaker, Sir Edward Villiers (brother of Buckingham), lord of the "manor of Dromahaire," who had received a grant of more than eleven hundred acres of arable, wood, and bog in the neighborhood. But he was generally an absentee, preferring the court of James to the hills of Breffny.

One October evening, long after the last crimson rays of the setting sun had danced on the ivied walls of Dromahaire, and when the old brown woods without were darkening in the twilight, Edmund O'Tracy was sitting beside the large wood fire in the castle hall. He was resting after a long day's hunt, and, after having heard the old gilly, Cahir O'Meehan, relate for about the twentieth time the weird history of the two air demons from whom the locality took its name (Druim da-Ethrier), had fallen into a dreamy meditation. His eyes were fixed on the glowing embers, which seemed perpetually forming themselves into gorgeous castles and charging hosts, and particularly into the sweet face of the Wild Rose of Lough Gill, when he was aroused by the voice of garrulous old Cahir.

"Emun, avic, the tierna wants to see you. You'll find him above in his own room, and there's company *go leor* with him, more betoken."

The young man sprang up, stepped over a few wolf-dogs that lay on the hearth, and ran up the stone stairs that led to the upper apartments of the castle. Halting at a low arched doorway, he drew aside the curtain that acted in lieu of a door, and entered the private apartment of the chieftain of Dromahaire, where he found a considerable number of persons collected.

It was a quaintly-furnished chamber, the old fashioned tables and seats being carved at every vantage point into all sorts of curious and grotesque objects, which reflected the light of the fire crackling in the great antique fireplace—a fireplace apparently much too large for the size of the room—while the walls were covered with a large collection of weapons and miscellanea, including Irish sparths and javelins both of iron and of bronze, massive embossed shields, and swords from the mighty two-handed down to the exquisite Toledo. Over the fireplace was suspended an enormous pair of horns of the old Irish elk, dug from an adjacent bog, and in one corner stood a large harp of beautiful workmanship.

Edmund recognized many of the occupants of the room at the first glance. They were nearly all leading members of the most important Brefnian septs—"kindly Irish of the Irish" from the surrounding country. Owen O'Rourke himself sat near the fire, at a table littered with papers. His two brothers, Con and Brian Ballagh, were also present, as were Connor MacLoughlin, chief of his sept, Maelmora MacTiernan of Croghan, the intimate friend of the chief of Dromahaire, and various other native gentlemen who still owned a remnant of their patrimonial estates. But besides these there was a squarely built, military-looking man, with sharp eyes and bronzed countenance, at sight of whom Edmund found his thoughts turn like lightning to the Spanish wars; and he felt as if he were at length about to embark in his destined profession of arms.

"Emun, my son," said Owen O'Rourke, "we want to have a word with you. I must introduce you to Colonel Plunket, a friend of ours—Col. Richard Plunket, of the king's troops, but, according to all accounts, soon to seek service in the army of Spain. Is it not so, Colonel?"

"Well," said the soldier, smiling, as he rose and took the extended hand of the young man, "so the report goes, and we'll know it's truth in time. I hear, my lad," continued he, addressing Edmund, "that you are eager to enter the military service of Spain?"

"You hear the truth, Colonel," was the reply.

"Perhaps, then, it may not be long until you have your desire gratified. But first may I inquire if you would like to commence the life of a soldier at home?"

"No, Colonel," replied O'Tracy, remembering the dying command of his father, "the thing is impossible—I cannot think of taking service in the army of England."

"Who spoke of the army of England?" queried Plunket, with a smile. "Come—what say you to joining the army of *Ireland?*"

A whispered consultation between several parties here ensued, during which Edmund stood in suspense, wondering what was to come next. At length his foster-father addressed him:

"I believe, Emun, you are not until now without hearing of the efforts of our countrymen on the continent are making for the freedom of this old country of ours, and of the five or six thousand stand of arms stored up to that end in Antwerp—arms bought by the Irish soldiers in the Spanish service with the deduction of their monthly pay. There are brave and skilful Irishmen in Flanders, boy—Owen Roe O'Neill, Preston, and others—eager to use their military courage and experience in behalf of the land that gave them birth. Last May, Capt. Neil O'Neill came from the Netherlands with a request from the O'Neill of Tirowen to his clansmen and Irishmen in general to prepare for insurrection, and since then we have been anxiously awaiting and preparing for the hour to strike a good blow. That hour is now fixed, and, with the help of heaven, we will soon see our hearths and altars free once more."

"Yes, my boy!" exclaimed the hearty, rollicking tones of Con O'Rourke, "the hour has come for all good and true men to sharpen their swords and tighten their saddle girths. Battle is in the air, my young gallowglass, and our word is Breffny abu! Remember my lessons in carte and tierce; and should that rascal Harrison cross you in your campaigning be sure and give him as good as you gave him the other day at Creeveles."

"Well, friend, what say you?" said Plunket.

"Are you with us, Emun?" inquired Owen O'Rourke.

"Heart and soul!" was the fervent response.

It was not without some regret that O'Tracy saw his prospects of a martial career on the continent vanish for the time being; but as the memory of his father's last words recurred to him he felt a sudden exultation at the opportunity which now offered of redeeming his promise "to strike a blow at the power which had overthrown their altars and darkened their hearths." With considerable warmth and emotion he replied to Owen O'Rourke, saying he was ready, heart and soul, to do his duty as an Irishman, as his father on his deathbed had exhorted him.

"Well done, my son; spoken like an O'Tracy," said the chieftain;—"but another question remains: Col. Plunket was inquiring after somebody to bear him company to Dublin—will you undertake the journey?"

"With pleasure, if you so wish it," answered Edmund, readily consenting, although the Irish metropolis was to him the grim, forbidding centre and stronghold of tyranny and persecution, where patriots and martyrs pined in dreary dungeons or rendered up their lives on the bloody scaffold.

"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel; "I am glad to have secured a fellow traveler in such a trusty friend to the cause: as I would also have been glad to obtain you as a recruit in case I had any notion of proceeding with my company into Spain—which, as you may now guess I have *not*! My men are now in my native Meath—fine, slashing fellows, Irish to the core, though fresh from England, where they have been put on their mettle in King Charles' war with the Scotch. They are trained and tried soldiers, having been organized some years ago by Strafford, who it was sent them, among 11,000 other Irishmen, to England to serve the king. However, the parliament didn't like the idea of armed Irish papists on the virgin soil of England, and the end of it was that the Irish regiments were ordered to be disbanded and sent home, the parliament giveng them leave—a benison on them for their kindness!—to enter foreign service. But they have not done with us yet, those men of the parliament, for the next charge of those detested Irish soldiery may be made through the gateways of Dublin Castle. For the Irish officers—at least Sir James Dillon, and Col. Hugh Byrne, and Capt. Bryan O'Neill, and Capt. Fox, as well as your humble servant—have taken a new view of the question, under the benignant teaching of Mr. Rory O'More of Ballynagh;—here's his health."

Suiting the action to the word the speaker quaffed a goblet of wine, and the other persons present joined him in drinking the health of he famous Irish organizer.

"And now, my friend," said the colonel, "go on with your estimate of the fighting power of your county when occasion comes."

"Right," said Con O'Rourke; "the task is a necessary one, though, *faraor gair*, an easy one, for times are changed, and the O'Rourkes are not what they were. Well, as a beginning, our own clan can muster, say, 400 fighting men. Then our friends here, Mulmurry MacTiernan and Connor MacLaughlin, will be ready with their contingents, and we may rely on a fair springling of MacMurrays, O'Harts, MacKennas, O'Duigenans, and the other Brefnian septs, which, not taking into account the aid we may receive from O'Connor, Sligo, and Maguire, will bring the number up to about 800, which may be increased if necessary. As for arms and ammunition, we may say we have none; but we'll set our gows hard at work as soon as possible to manufacture pikes. Where we'll get firelocks, powder, and ball, heaven only knows!"

"Stratagem and surprise may serve in lieu of firearms for the outset," remarked the Colonel;—"and now to the local power of the enemy."

"We will put Sligo town in the first place," said Con, "although it is not in our county; it is strongly garrisoned by the Lord President's men, and would be a sore thorn in our side if not taken speedily; next to it is the castle of Manor Hamilton—heaven aid us to its reduction! Parke's castle of Newtown, within four miles of Sligo, and Sir Roger Jones' fort must not be forgotten; neither must the Garrison and its ironworks at Lough Melvin. As to Sir William Cole's force in garrison at Enniskillen, we hope the Maguires will do their duty in that quarter."

"As I'm a soldier," cried Plunket, "your prospect isn't such a black one as I thought. Another toast, comrades! Here's success to the 23d of October, 1641!"

And the toast was drunk with hearty acclamation.

A few days after the above meeting Edmund O'Tracy rode over in the early morning to Lough Gill to bid good-bye to Kathleen, for he was to set out for Dublin the same day. Booted and spurred, in jaunty hat, gay, drooping feather, and lace-edged collar, and with a long sword by his side, he looked quite a gallant and comely cavalier; so that the Wild Rose, on seeing him, grew very pale indeed as the thought of the Spanish army came chillingly upon her mind.

"Then you are going away at last!" she exclaimed: "going away to join the army?"

"Going to join the army, indeed," he replied, "but not the army of Spain. Take heart, avourneen dheelish. When next I see you you will know what a glorious time lies ahead for you and me and for old Ireland. Good-bye!"

As he rode away he turned and saw her stand looking after him with a pensive face; and that face and attitude were destined to haunt his memory for many a day.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Coe Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN].

Agus bhi cuid eile sea, a dubhairt nach raibh Goillis na g-cos dubh coimhuil leis an bhfear ceudna do bhi ann roimhe sin, agus go mbudh mhór an ageul é go raibh sé ag triall gach lá chum tighe an t-sagairt agus go raibh cion agus meas aig an t-sagart air, rud nár fheud siad ghlanadh suas air chor air bith.

B'fhior sin go deimhin, mar b' anamh an lá chuaidh thart, nach rachadh Goillis go teach an t-sagairt agus nach mbeidheadh caint aige leis, agus leis an dg-mhnaoi uasail, agus chomh minic agus thiuefadh sé bheidheadh sáil aige go bhfuigheadh sé í go slán agus cead labhartha aici arís, acht farnoir d'fhan sí 'nna tost agus í baibh, gan leigheas ná biseach. Nuair nach raibh aon chaol eile aici le deunamh cainte leis, do rinne sí sórt cómhrádh eidir í féin agus eiseam le corrughadh a lámh agus a meur, le smideadh a súl, le fosgailt agus le druidim a beil, le gáire no le mion-gháire, agus le mile comhartha eile, i riocht nach raibh sé fada no gur thuig siad a chéile go h-an-mhaith. Bhí Goillis, i g-cómhnuidhe ag smuaineadh cad é an chaol a thiuefadh leis a cur air ais d'á h-athair, acht ni raibh aon duine le dul léithe agus ni raibh fhios aige féin cad é an bóthar budh chóir di leanamhaint mar nach raibh sé riamh as a chondae féin go dti an oidhche sin ann a rug sé leis í. Ni raibh aon eolas do b'fearr ag an t-sagart, acht nuair d'iarr Goillis air, sgriobh sé trí no ceithre litreacha ó am go h-am go 'Righ na Fraince," ag insint dó cás a ingnine agus an áit ann a raibh sí, agus thug sé iad do lucht ceannuighte agus díolta earraidh do bhidheadh ag dul ó áit go h-áit tar sáile, acht ni thainig ceann acu go láimh an Righ, mar chuaidh siad uile amugha.

Is mar sin do bhí siad le mórán mios, agus bhí Goillis ag tuitim i ngrádh léithe nios mó agus nios doimhne gach lá, agus budh leur dó féin agus do'n t-sagart go raibh dúil mór ag inghin an Righ i nGoillis. Bhí faitchios mór air an mbuachaill air deire go gcluinfeadh an Righ dá'ribh an áit ann a raibh a inghean agus go ngiacfadh sé air ais uaidh fein í, agus chuir sé impidhe air an t-sagart gan sgriobhadh nios mó, acht an chúis do léigint faoi Dhia.

Budh mar sin do chaith siad an aimsir air feadh na bliadhna, go dtáinig lá d'á raibh Goillis 'nna luidhe leis féin air an bhfeur, lá deirionnach do mhí dheiridh an fhóghmhair, agus é ag smuaineadh arís ann a intinn féin air gach nidh do tí á'na dhó ó n lá a chuaidh sé leis na Sidheogaibh thar an t-sáile. Chuimhnigh sé ann sin go h-obann gur b' air oidhche Shamhna do bhi sé 'nna sheasamh ag binn an tighe nuair thainig an fromán-gaoithe agus na sidheoga; agus dubhairt sé leis féin, "béidh oidhche Shamhna againn arís amárach agus seasfaidh mé san áit cheudna do bhí mé 'nuraidh, go bhfeicfidh mé an dtiucfaidh na daoine maithe arís, b'éidir go gcluinfinn no go bhfeicfinn rud éigin do bheidheadh usáideach dam, no do bhéarfadh air ais a caint do Mháire," (budh hé sin an t-ainm do ghlaodh sé féin agus an sagart air inghin an Righ mar nach raibh fhios ag ceachtar acu cad é an t-ainm ceart a bhí uirri.)

D'innis sé an rud do chuir sé roimhe do'n t-sagart, agus thug an sagart a bheannacht dó.

Chuaidh Goillis, mar sin, do'n t-sean-rath, nuair bhí an oidhche ag dorchughadh, agus sheas sé le na uillin cromtha air shean-leic liath ag fanamhaint go dtuiefadh an meadhon-oidhche. D'éirigh an ghealach suas mall agus bhí sí már chnapán teinneadh an taobh shiar de, agus bhí ceo bán ann, do bhí árduighthe as na machairibh féir agus as na h-áiteachaibh fiuchta le fíoun-fhuacht na h-oidhche 'r éis ain-teas an lae. Do bhí an oidhche chomh ciuin le loch nuair nach mbíann aon ghaí gaoithe amuigh a chorróchadh tonn air, agus ni raibh aon fhuaim le cloistint acht créánán na g-ciaróg do theidheadh thart ó am go h-am, no sgread geur obann na ngé-fiadhán ag dul ó loch go loch, leithmhile shuas annsan aer os a chionn, no fead geur na bhfeadóg no na bhfilibín ag éirighe 's ag luighe, ag luighe 's ag éirighe, mar is gnathach leo i n-oidhche chiúin. Do bhí mile mile reult geal ag soillsiughadh os a chionn, agus do bhí ceoga seoca ann d'fháe an talamh do bhí faoi na chois bán agus briosg.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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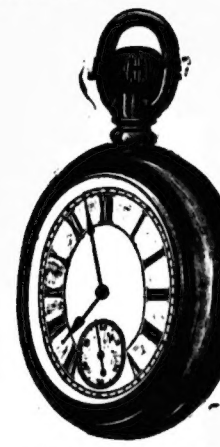

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Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is leveled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be guaranteed by the manufacturers to be guaranteed for at least 15 years' standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud of it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, carry and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEATH OF JAY GOULD.

The Noted Financier Called by His Maker.

HE WAS CONSCIOUS TO THE LAST.

Surrounded by His Family and Physicians He Meets Death Calmly and Painlessly.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Mr. Gould, the great financier, died Friday morning at 9:15 o'clock. The news was not made known to those outside the house of the millionaire for a half hour after the event. The first authentic and verbal news of the event came from the colored butler who came to the door of the Gould mansion and in response to a question said, in a choking voice: "Yes, Mr. Gould is dead."

Mr. Gould died surrounded by the members of his family and faithful physicians. All day Thursday and in the evening contradictory reports regarding Mr. Gould's condition were circulated, but late in the evening, however, it was acknowledged that he was failing fast and that in all probability he would not recover. In fact at 11 o'clock it was said that he could not live the night out.

Met Death Calmly.

However, at 1 o'clock Friday morning he seemed to rally somewhat and the lights were turned down and the family retired to try and get some rest. Dr. Munn and the nurses remained with the patient. At daylight Mr. Gould's condition became more alarming and the members of his family again assembled at his bedside. It was apparent to all that the end was fast approaching. Mr. Gould seemed to realize the truth himself. No pain attended the last moments of the dying man. The end came peacefully and quietly. Just before he died Mr. Gould, realizing that he had but a little longer to live, expressed a desire that the members of his family be called that he might look upon them for the last time. He was perfectly conscious and entirely composed, meeting the end with calmness. His mind was clear to the last, as was demonstrated by the fact that he missed the face of a member of the family who had left the room for a moment. Mr. Gould's last words were in the form of a request that he might, at the closing moments of his life, be surrounded by the beloved members of his family.

Attacked with Hemorrhage.

It is learned that Mr. Gould had several hemorrhages from the lungs, the first of them on the day before Thanksgiving. There was another hemorrhage two days later, and still another last Wednesday. Whether or not the pulmonary disease has appeared very recently is not known. It is said that Mr. Gould's lungs had been weak for a number of years, though he had never let even his most intimate friends know it. The hemorrhage Nov. 23 was accompanied by fits of coughing. It left him weak and he never rallied. His death, it is said, has from the moment of the hemorrhage been a question of little time. Every known medical device has been resorted to, but the doctors could not bring about any permanent rally. Each of the later hemorrhages, it is said, was accompanied by a very painful coughing spell that helped greatly to weaken Mr. Gould.

FUNERAL OF JAY GOULD.

The Friends of the Multi-Millionaire Pay Their Last Respects.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The funeral services over the remains of Jay Gould took place at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, Dr. Paxton officiating. At the conclusion of the services friends had an opportunity to view the body and last of all the immediate family and mourners viewed the remains before the casket was finally sealed. During the services the family remained upstairs and Dr. Paxton and the associate clergymen stood by the door near the stairway, where the family were able to hear the words of the preachers. Railroad men from all over the country were in attendance. A delegation from the west reached here Monday morning, over the New York Central road, which included George C. Smith, assistant general manager of the Missouri Pacific; C. G. Warner, general auditor; D. S. Smith, treasurer; W. B. Dodridge, general manager of the St. Louis and Southwestern, and Alex G. Cochran, general solictor of the Missouri Pacific.

A Step in the Right Direction.

SELTTLE, Wash., Dec. 5.—Acting on the suggestion of the Seattle Telegraph, the Woman's Missionary society of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city will initiate a movement to memoralize congress to pass a law to prevent the importation of Japanese girls for immoral purposes. Recent Canadian Pacific steamers brought over forty of these young women and four are now held by Collector of Customs Wasson to be deported. The balance went east over the Canadian Pacific railroad, hoping to cross the line at New York or possibly go to Chicago, where it is alleged they are to be employed during the World's fair.

Chattanooga Given a Shaking Up.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 5.—About 2 o'clock Friday morning a decided shock was felt in this section, extending from Hill City, a suburb north of this town, to the summit of Missionary Ridge, an area of about two and one-half miles square. This shock was apparently from north to south. Doors in houses flew open, piles of lumber were upset, the coal at the chutes rolled down, and water virated. Residents assert that the shock was caused by the breaking down of some of the enormous caves which honeycomb the geological formations here. No casualties have been reported.

Will Fast Fifty Days.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 5.—Arthur W. Wuillmeau, a young Frenchman, started Monday afternoon on a fifty day fast. The trial is to be made under the supervision of the Western Reserve university. Physicians will constantly guard the faster, who is to have no nourishment but water. He has been training for the fast for a month past, and starts in weighing 133 pounds. He expects to lose about nine pounds during his fast.

Against the Railway Company.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The United States supreme court Monday in the Chicago-Illinois Central lake front case decided against the railroad, substantially affirming the decision of the court below. Justice Field delivered the opinion.

CRAWFORD RAISED OBJECTIONS.

He Didn't Propose To Be Hanged by the Great American Judge.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—William Crawford, a young man residing at 1429 North Fifteenth street, came very near having his neck stretched at the hands of a mob at Thirteenth street and Cass avenue Sunday afternoon, on account of the sensational charges of a 10-year-old girl named Annie Cox. Annie alleged in the presence of half a dozen people that Crawford had enticed her into a shed in the vicinity and had attempted to assault her. She pointed Crawford out to the by-standers, and in a few moments an angry mob surrounded him, and loud cries of "Hang the scoundrel. Pull him up. Let's finish him now while we have the chance."

He Licked the Whole Mob.

The crowd rapidly increased in numbers, and as Annie's story was related from one to another their rage increased in proportion. They did not stop to question Crawford or listen to his protestations of innocence. From a neighboring grocery a rope was procured and half a dozen stalwart men seized Crawford and attempted to put the rope around his neck. Crawford is a small man, but a giant in strength. Madly he plunged, dragging his assailants hither and thither. Suddenly he slipped the noose off his neck and with a rush battled his way through the mob and made for his house, where he barricaded himself until officers arrived and dispersed the mob. Annie Cox is a weak-minded girl who has made the same charge against other men and failed to prove it.

TO SEARCH FOR VERHOEFF.

Call for Volunteers to Join the Expedition by Americus Simms.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 3.—Mr. Americus Simms' call for volunteers to join the proposed expedition to set out for Greenland in search of young John Verhoeff, the missing member of Peary's expedition, has already met with numerous responses. None of these were by letter. Such a method of communication was too slow for the enthusiasts. So they came in person, eager to hear all about their voyage and impatient to set out at once. All the World's fair business transacted in Room 39 of The Courier-Journal building had to be temporarily suspended Monday in order that the North Pole Argonauts might be received and interviewed.

Many Volunteers.

It was astonishing to find how many people were imbued with a desire to go upon this perilous journey. Mr. Simms was not in town when his visitors called, and many of them left without giving their names. They stated, however, that they would call again, and trusted that they would be fortunate enough to see him. Mr. Wolf, with C. J. Rosenham & Co., was one of the applicants for a birth, as also was Mr. G. H. Burks of 1615 Third avenue.

Looks Like Foul Play.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 6.—It is probable that three members of the Dannehower family who were cremated in a fire which destroyed their house at Sharpsburg two weeks ago were victims of four play. It is now believed that they were murdered and the house set on fire to cover the crime. This theory is strengthened by the facts that when the fire was discovered the doors were open and papers and small articles were scattered about the floor. A wagon was also seen in the vicinity by the neighbors a short time before the fire. It is thought the house was broken into for the purpose of robbery, the robbers were discovered by Dannehower, he was killed, and in order to cover up the crime the wife and daughter were killed and the house set on fire.

Statement by Mgr. Satolli.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Regarding the dispatch confirming the report that Mgr. Satolli, the apostolic delegate now in this country, had been appointed by the pope to settle all religious questions between the bishops and priests in the United States, Bishop Satolli has dictated the following statement, which covers all he has to say at this time: "The report is not exact. It is true, that by letters dated from the beginning of last month, I have receive authority to examine and decide without appeal the controversies arising between bishops and priests, etc., in the United States. It is absurd to ascribe to me the place and authority of a pope in the American church.

Dangerous Counterfeiter Arrested.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 6.—Fred Marsh, one of the most dangerous counterfeiters in the country, was arrested here Monday night and is now in jail, awaiting the arrival of proper papers from California, where is much wanted. About six months ago Marsh was at the head of a gang of Italians, who were making great quantities of both silver and paper money, and it is said, not less than $20,000 of the stuff was passed by members of the gang. The Italians were arrested but Marsh escaped, and the government officers have been watching for him at Whitewater, this state, his former home.

President Carnot's New Cabinet.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—President Carnot's quandary came to an end, perhaps temporarily, Monday night, when at 11:30 M. Ribot proceeded to the Elysee and submitted the following cabinet to the president, who gave his approval of the names presented: Premier and minister of foreign affairs, M. Ribot; interior and public worship, M. Loubet; justice, M. Bourgeois; war, M. Freycinet; marine, M. Burdeau; finance, M. Rouvier; public works, M. Niette; commerce, M. Siegfried; agriculture, M. DeVelle; public instruction, M. Charles Dupuy. M. Jamais will remain as undersecretary of the state and colonies.

Heavy Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—The Hazelton Tripod Boiler company, who have offices in the Manhattan building, made a voluntary assignment in the county court Tuesday morning to George W. Griffin. The assets or liabilities are not known. The failure is believed to be a large one. C. B. Holmes, it is said, who was formerly president of the Chicago City Railway company, and who is president of the Hazelton company, had a large amount of money invested in the concern.

The National Prison Congress.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 6—At the sessions of the national prison congress Monday the principal paper of the day was that submitted by Judge Francis Wayland of New Haven, in which the relation of immigration to crime was pointed out. The statement was made that first among the causes which tend to the increase of crime is unrestricted immigration. The suggestion was also made that marriages of paupers and felons should be discouraged.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

Jacob Gerber's Terrible Experience in Russia.

FRIENDS POWERLESS TO HELP HIM.

After a Residence in This Country for Six Years, He Returns to the Land of His Birth on Business and Is Seized and Compelled to Go Through Brutal Torture—He Had Taken Out His First Papers Here.

OMAHA, Dec. 6.—Jacob Gerber is once more in Omaha, having escaped from the Siberian exile to which he was doomed a year ago. He arrived in this city Monday night after an absence of twenty-one months. After being a resident of this city for six years he returned to Russia to dispose of what property he had there and bring his family to this country. He had taken out his first papers and supposed he was to all intents and purposes a citizen of the United States, but subsequent events proved that he had relied too much on the privileges of half completed citizenship, for he was seized as soon as his identity was discovered. Then, though he was at the time across the border in Germany and at worship in a church, without a trial or hearing of any sort, he was started off for Siberia in spite of all his friends could do in his behalf.

Outrageous Cruelty.

When the friends of the unfortunate man in this city heard of what had occurred the case was called to the attention of the authorities at Washington, but a careful investigation disclosed the fact that the naturalization process had not been fully completed, and that it would be impossible for the government to secure the release of the prisoner. The appearance of Gerber among his old acquantances Monday night caused great surprise. His story was a recital that was full of outrageous cruelty and human suffering. The evidences of the truth of the narrative were amply shown in the frightful scars and still unhealed sores on the living flesh. He supposed that he was going to the mines for life. It was not until he had reached his destination, nine months later, that he learned that he was sentenced for fifteen years.

Ironed Together in Pairs.

He was placed in a herd of 600 convicts and started for the Siberian wilds. The men were ironed together in pairs, and from the very moment that they started their sufferings were indescribable. Not once during the long, weary days of those nine months were the irons removed, nor were the metal bonds binding them to their companions broken. When he arrived at Olga he was taken out into the middle os a street and a blachsmith was called who took off his fetters. Gerber was told from that time forward he would have to take care of himself. He remained there three months before he found an opportunity to carry into effect the plan for escape he had mapped out. He had excited the sympathy of a fellow Hebrew who was engaged in the mines and induced the latter to write a letter home for him asking his wife to send him some money. The money, amounting to $1,000, was sent and Gerber's friend took him to Yakutsk. He paid $50 to get to Yakutsk and then took conveyance by post to Tomisk, a distance of 1,500 miles, and paid for it $175.

Left Russia Behind Him.

He had secured the dress of a nobleman and carried an official portmanteau that seemed to have more to do with saving him from annoyance than anything else for he was not molested and was not asked for passports. Money removed obstacles that he encountered, and finally he reached a small town within fifty miles of his home without being detected. He finally made a circuit of 300 miles and was successful in leaving Russian soil behind him. He lost no time in getting as far away as he could, for he knew he was not safe until he had reached America. Thus it happened that he at last arrived in Omaha, and of the $1,000 that had been sent him by his wife, he had only 10 cents in his pocket when the journey was over. Gerber had about $4,000 worth of property when he left here less than two years ago, but there will be little of it left after he gets his family here. They are still in Russia, but will come here in the early spring.

Peculiar Postoffice Case.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Postmaster General Wanamaker has dispatched a postoffice inspector to the little town of Ivanhoe, Ills., to settle one of the funniest complications that the department has ever experienced. The town had a German Democrat as postmaster under Cleveland. When Harrison was elected the Democrat was succeeded by a Republican postmaster, who died, and the office was then turned over to the widow. When Cleveland was elected last month the German Democrat thought that he had also been re-elected postmaster. He appeared at the postoffice with a wagon and persuaded the postmistress to allow him to remove the effects of the office to his place. He has since been running affairs, fully convinced that Cleveland's election restored him as postmaster.

Charlie Mitchell in Jail.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—Charlie Mitchell, the prize fighter, has succeeded in getting into jail. On Mitchell's personal application at the Clerkenwell sessions Tuesday, Sir Peter H. Edlin consented to confirm the previous sentence and commit Mitchell to jail for two months at hard labor with the added costs of the appeal to be paid by the prisoner. Mitchell, in terror of a severer sentence at the hands of Sir Peter, who does not like bruisers, has been going about the police courts and the jail, begging to be allowed to serve the sentence from which he had appealed. He is now gratified.

Disaster on the Mersey.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—An accident by which a number of persons lost their lives occurred Tuesday in the estuary of the Mersey river, near Liverpool. A severe gale, a continuation of Monday's storm, was blowing, accompanied by a slight snowfall. Suddenly an unknown bark was seen to founder. The people aboard were seen to rush to the sides just as the vessel was plunging under, but they had no time to escape. It is known that at least twelve persons perished.

New York Failure.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—David Block, manufacturer of tinware at 146 and 150 Hester street, has assigned, giving preferences to the East Side bank aggregating $68,653 for money loaned. The total liabilities are $132,000 and the assests amount to about $80,000.

FAVORS AN EXTRA SESSION.

Remarks on the Subject by Representative George Fred Williams.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—Representative George Fred Williams, who led the anti-silver fight in the house last session, is strongly in favor of a special session of the next congress. "I favor an extra session," he says, "whether the session is continuous or not. The ways and means committee ought to be appointed and be able to consult with the leaders of the new administration regarding the policy to be adopted. The ways and means committee may be reorganized and the members who frame the new tariff bill ought to be the responsible representatives of the party who can properly consult with the president and the cabinet, and who can defend their work on the floor of congress.

The Sherman Act of 1890.

"They will have to consult the president and the secretary of the treasury as to the state of the finances and what tariff changes its condition will justify. I think the work should begin at once."

"Shall you urge any financial legislation at this session?" was asked.

"I shall favor the repeal of the Sherman silver act of 1890," replied Mr. Williams; and I think it ought to be done quickly. The subject was before the committee on coinage at the last session, but it was so late in the session we failed to get a quorum. We ought to take up the work where we left it and repeal the act. It would have a beneficial influence upon the deliberations of the monetary conference at Brussels and would show it that the United States did not propose to plunge into the silver vortex and let the European powers absorb their gold."

FIVE INJURED IN A WRECK.

Rear-End Collision on the Ohio and Chesapeake Railroad—Caused by a Fog.

ASHLAND, Ky., Dec. 5.—The Chesapeake and Ohio west bound accommodation, No. 17, from Huntington to Cincinnati, struck a wrecking train Friday morning, completely demolishing a caboose, tool and box car, and badly injuring five persons. There was a fog at the time. The wrecking train was supposed to be running twenty minutes ahead, bound for Portsmouth, to clear up a freight wreck. At Norton switch, in the city's eastern limits, the switch flagman stopped the freight, and, before he could get back far enough, No. 17 was upon them.

The injured are: Engineer John S. Potts of Covington, injured internally and cut about the head and face very dangerously; Foreman Harry Buckett of Covington, right arm broken, cuts on head and internal injuries; B. E. Harris of Clifton Forge, deep cut on head; George Gillespie of Huntington, foreman wrecking crew, cut on head and bad body bruises; Charles Coon, brakeman, hand mashed and cut on head and back; Conductor J. M. Macuster, badly bruised and ankle sprained. Others were slightly injured, but the passengers all escaped with a shaking up.

Settling of Land Over a Burning Mine.

HAZLETON, Pa., Dec. 5.—About three acres of land over the burning Honeybrook mine caved in Friday. The fire has been raging for four weeks and an attempt was being made to put it out by flooding the mine with two large bull pumps. A groaning and crackling sound warned the men at work and they rushed to the surface just in time to escape the crash. Entrance to the mine has been choked and the extent of the damage cannot be learned. About five acres of land has settled from five to twelve inches and people living on the ground are in constant fear of being dropped into a fiery furnace.

An Experience in Paris.

A young woman recounting some European experiences the other evening told, among other things, of an episode in the French capital.

"While in Paris," she said, "I went into a shop one day to buy gloves. As I don't understand French I selected one that bore a sign in the window, 'English spoken here.' I found, however, that, as he usually is, the 'Inglese man ees out,' but I managed with much interchange of dumb show to make my purchase. I had about finished when a dapper Frenchman whom I took to be an official corresponding to our floor walker approached, and with great suavity rattled off a long speech in rapid French, of whose signification I could gather no hint. Not, however, to be outdone in courtesy, when he had finished I began, with much smiling intonation and gesture and equal impressment of manner with him, the children's lingo, 'Eeny meeny, mony mi, basalony bony si, etc.,' following it without an instant's intermission with 'Intra, mintra, cutra, coru,' and ending in a fluent and elegant delivery of 'Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter.'

"As the last sibilant rolled from my tongue I turned with a sweep of condescending grace and walked out of the store, leaving the clerks and the official transfixed in open mouthed wonder at my jargon. To this day I believe they have not decided whether I was a Choctaw, a Parsee or an escaped lunatic."—New York Times.

Assuming Husbands' Names.

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in latter times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view may be mentioned that during the Sixteenth and even at the beginning of the Seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Gray (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc.

Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one.

This was the rule of law so far back as Bracton (died 1268), and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. Altogether, the custom is involved in much obscurity. — Buffalo News.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

James Lovett shot Harry Downs at Barry, Ills. He said he "didn't know the gun was loaded." Downs is dead.

Mrs. Joseph Filey of Virginia, Ills., poured coal oil in a stove. The can exploded and she will die.

James Stone and William Blakenship were arrested near Anniston, Ala., while making counterfeit nickels. Their shop was in a deserted mine.

Pennsylvania Knights of labor propose to hold a convention to frame a bill to prohibit the entrance of armed forces into the state.

Patsy O'Leary, the featherweight pugilist, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for robbing a man at Los Angeles, Cal. O'Leary served a term in the Ohio penitentiary a few years ago for stealing a diamond pin.

Eighty men in the gunshop of the Watervliet arsenal, West Troy, N. Y., struck against having to attend two lathes. A small force is at work.

John Owen, who lived near Greentown, Ind., was killed by falling from a wagon and being dragged nearly two miles.

Prairie fires near Aberdeen, S. D., started by sparks from railroad locomotives, spread over a large territory, burning out several farmers.

Samuel Morris, who married General Harrison's sister, is court reporter for the Indianapolis Journal.

John Kelly and Lewis Watkins fought a duel with shotguns at Francisco, Ind. Kelly was fatally wounded.

Two burglars were captured in an old unoccupied house near Carbondale, Ills. Thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry, watches, clothing, etc., was found.

A. M. Ballou, a wealthy farmer living near Wheaton, Ills., was run over by a train while driving across the railroad track at Wheaton.

The lumber firm of Bills & Koch of Toledo, O., has failed. The assets are $150,000, and the liabilities $132,000. The failure is due to creditors demanding their balances.

Professor Wiggins says that planets and comets are electrically positive and therefore repel each other.

For the first time the Russian soldiers are to be furnished with handkerchiefs at the government's expense.

John Rhine, a German farmer, was killed by an engine on the Alton road at Joliet.

Bob Fitzsimmons will train at Bay St. Loius for his fight with Hall.

Aaron Bass, accused of murdering Rich Lyon in January, 1890, was released at Mitchell, Ind., there being no evidence upon which to convict him.

In Holland many women are practicing dentistry.

Richard Schencker, the son of one of the wealthiest men in Vienna, has committed suicide. The case is being investigated.

* * *

William Hughes and Edward Nottle were blown to pieces at the Sierra Nevada mine by the premature explosion of a blast.

Mrs. Martha D. Strickland of Chicago has been admitted to the bar at Memphis, Tenn.

J. J. Keavin's sawmill at Newton, Ills., was destroyed by fire.

Cal Hale, Jack Kenzie and George Zachery, robbers of the Roslyn, Wash., bank, were held for trial in bonds of $10,000 each. They were identified.

John Noland of Cleveland county, N. C., died of hydrophobia after chewing his tongue into shreds in his convulsions.

The trustees at Hartford City, Ind., have granted an electric light franchise to A. Reynolds of Anderson, Ind.

The colored prisoner in the Ohio penitentiary who prayed for a 'possum for Thanksgiving dinner had his prayer answered. He received six.

William J. Thompson of Gloucester, N. J., won $80,000 on the election of Cleveland.

John Nicholson, a tenant farmer at Paris, Ills., committed suicide by shooting himself.

The Boston Post has been sued for 9 cents by the Boston and Albany Railroad company.

The Hon. Frank Hurd is said to be ambitious to succeed Calvin S. Brice in the United States senate.

Mr. Carnegie was born in Dumfermline, Scotland, 57 years ago this month, and came to this country when 10 years old. He has not been naturalized.

A. Rasch & Son of St. Louis, dealers in roofing material, made an assignment. The assets are $20,000 and liabilities unknown.

The south German distillers are renewing their protests against the increase of the spirit tax, which they say will ruin the distilling business in south Germany.

* * *

Otto Graff, a Swedish emigrant, who had formerly been a sheepherder in Scotland, died at Brookfield, Conn., and a post-mortem examination showed he died from sheep rot. It is probable he brought the infection in his clothing.

Governor Fifer has reappointed James I. Neff of Freeport a member of the board of directors of the Soldiers' home at Quincy, and Thomas L. Ridgway of Springfield on the board of trustees of the southern normal university at Carbondale.

The Indians on the Kenesha reservations are clear of debt and have $233,000 to their credit. The only trouble on the reservation is that caused by drunkenness.

Alice Maud Stone, for whom the celebrated trotter Maud S. was named, was married at her home in Cincinnati to Albert Carey of New York. The bride's father, Captain George N. Stone, was the original owner of the famous horse.

B. F. Rynd, the Allegheny, Pa., lumber merchant, who failed for $100,000, and is charged with having committed forgeries for over $20,000, is in an eastern asylum suffering from paresis.

Mrs. Ada Deleng has been acquitted of murdering her husband at Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 4. He beat her and she shot him.

The home report of Governor Northen of Georgia pushes him for secretary of agriculture.

Ed R. Nash, a well known music dealer at Salina, Kan., has been arrested for inducing the 16-year-old daughter of H. Jukes, a wealthy farmer, to elope with him.

To Mr. Cleveland's menagerie has been added a tame deer, the gift of an admirer in Saginaw, Mich.

A syndicate of heavy taxpayers at West Bay City has organized to test the validity of the tax levies for the last four years. If they succeed it is believed the city will be ruined.

* * *

Warren Paulings, aged 12, fell under the wheels of a train at Wabash, Ind. His right leg was cut off and his injuries are supposed to be fatal.

The Phœnix Horseshoe company, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will remove their plant to Joliet, Ill., having signed a contract for the site. It will employ 300 men.

The Standard Oil company is about to spend $5,000 for car shops at Whiting, Ind.

Mrs. Marguerite Rodgers, of New Hartford, Ill., who was charged with poisoning her husband, was found not guilty by a jury at Pittsfield.

Leonard Redmaster, a miner, was killed at Washington, Ind., by a piece of slate falling on him.

Ben Burdette, an ex-convict, is in jail at Peru, Ind., charged with attempting to wreck a train by opening a switch. Lateness of the train averted disaster.

Ida Lewis, the lighthouse heroine, still cares for the Lime Rock lighthouse, off Newport, R. I., where she lives alone, with a gray cat and the sound of the waves for company. She has saved eighteen or twenty lives.

There is a shepherd at Monor, Hungary, who is 106 years old and still attends to his flocks. His wife, who is the third partner of his joys and sorrows, is 91.

Dr. Parkhurst has had three offers from lecture bureaus and two from newspaper managers, who believe that they can turn his "slumming" stories into money.

The home of E. Cook, near Brazil, Ind., burned at midnight and Mr. and Mrs. Cook and daughter, all of whom were wakened by the heat, barely escaped in their night clothes. They suffered much from the cold before reaching town and shelter.

* * *

One Republican elector pulled through in Kansas. His name is Dewey. One Weaverite, Cabbell, ran 7,043 votes behind his hightest associate.

A new science has been christened in Boston. It is home life, right living, domestic science, and it is called ekology.

L. Y. Taylor, a stockman in Liberty, Ia., was killed by a Rock Island train at Trenton, Mo.

The 5,000,000 Columbian cions that will soon be rolling to Chicago weigh about forty-five tons. One car carries not more, at the very most, than $500,000 worth of silver.

A bill to abolish the convict lease system is before the Alabama legislature.

Senator Gibson, who is seriously ill at Hot Springs, Ark., is reported somewhat better.

Dennis T. Flynn, the Republican delegate-elect from Oklahoma territory, was fifteen years ago an office boy in Mr. Cleveland's office at Buffalo.

Surveyors are locating a line of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha from Ponca to Newcastle, Neb., a distance of sixty miles.

General Dyrenforth's plan for making rain has proved a flat failure in Texas.

John P. Mason of Lynchburg, Va., a very strong man, saw a bull attacking a colored woman in a field recently. He ran to the woman's assistance, and the bull, leaving the woman, turned upon him. Mason grabbed the bull by the horns, threw him to the ground and broke the brute's neck.

* * *

Because of disappointment in love Artie Burchett, aged 21 years, shot himself through the heart at his grandfather's home, near New Philadelphia, Ills.

Some one has noted the fact that July has been a fatal month to presidents. Jefferson, Monroe, Taylor, Van Buren, Johnson, and Grant died in that month, and Garfield was shot in that month.

Three men named Brown, Jones, and Robinson are members of Queen Liliukolani's cabinet.

Leland J. Webb, ex-commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans, who was recently adjudged insane at Topeka, Kan., has been released from custody. Webb's trouble was caused by over indulgence in morphine.

Superintendent Fensler, of the county infirmary at Lima, O., has resigned. He was charged with bad treatment of patients and general mismanagement.

One hundred and seventy-five Wisconsin and Dakota editors arrived at Atlanta, Ga. They remained one hour and left for Savannah. The party will go to Florida. They will be entertained at Atlanta on the return trip.

The Black Diamond mining troubles at Coal Creek, Tenn., are settled. Word has been received that the miners have resumed work.

Bishop Hurst says the ninety-two acres bought in Washington for a site for the proposed Methodist university have increased in value until they are worth $500,000. He reports also that subscriptions to the $10,000,000 fund continue to come in.

Thieves robbed and burned the store of Dr. J. G. Gaudy at Aspinwall, Neb.

M. Pasteur is an unlicensed practitioner and has to employ one of the regulars to perform the slightest surgical operation needed in his business.

Secretary Thompson of the Duluth chamber of commerce has prepared his letter calling for a convention to consider the construction of a ship canal through American territory from the great lakes to the Hudson river, and thence to the sea.

Governor-elect Lewelling of Kansas was once a mule driver on the Erie canal.

William Heinne lost an election bet to A. Paul at Sioux City, Ia. Paul took it out of his wages, and Heinne in revenge set fire to Paul's hay. Heinne is in jail.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 140th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above named disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. I am so strong in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Rms. McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO DECEMBER 10, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the theatrical places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Niobe."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—Zola's Modjeska in Repertoire.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Jane."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Joseph Jefferson.

THE SCHILLER.
Randolph street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Yon Yonson."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "The Voodoo."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Little Tuesday" and the "Still Alarm."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Harrison's message to Congress was read in both houses, on Tuesday. Like all his official documents, it was marked by clearness and decision, with the spirit of a patriot breathing in every utterance. He avoided partisanship, but placed facts before the country which will make all true American citizens wonder why a majority of the people deemed a change of administration necessary, in the face of prosperity without example or parallel in the history of this or any other country. The following brief statement of facts by Gen. Harrison ought to be read with grave attention by men of all parties:

"A comparison of the existing conditions with those of the most favored period in the history of the country will, I believe, show that so high a degree of prosperity, and so general a diffusion of the comforts of life, were never before enjoyed by our people. The total wealth of the country in 1860 was $16 159,616 068. In 1890 it amounted to $62,610,000,000, an increase of 287 per cent. The total mileage of railways in the United States in 1860 was 30,626. In 1890 it was 167,741, an increase of 448 per cent; and it is estimated that there will be about 4 000 miles of track added by the close of the year 1892. The official returns of the eleventh census and those of the tenth census for seventy five leading cities furnished the basis for the following comparisons:

"In 1880 the capital invested in manufacturing was $1,232,839 670. In 1890 the capital invested in manufacturing was $2,900,735 884

"In 1880 the number of employes was 1,301,388. In 1890 the number of employes was 2 251,134.

"In 1880 the wages earned were $501,965,778. In 1890 the wages earned were $1,221,170,454.

"In 1880 the value of the product was $2,711 579,899 In 1890 the value of the product was $4,860,286 837.

"I am informed by the Superintendent of the Census that the omission of certain industries in 1880 which were included in 1890 accounts in part for the remarkable increase thus shown. But after making full allowances for differences of method and deducting the returns for all industries not included in the census of 1880, there remain in the reports from these seventy-five cities an increase in the capital employed of $1,522 745,604; in the value of the product of $2,024,236,166; in wages earned of $677,943,929; and in the number of wage earners employed of 856-029. The wage earnings not only show an increased aggregate, but an increase per capita from $386 in 1880 to $547 in 1890, or 42 71 per cent."

He then proceeds with a masterful review of the whole industrial situation, dealing particularly with the increase in the number of plants, the production of pig iron, the foreign trade, exports and manufactures, the increase in savings banks deposits, inland commerce, and contrasts the European with the American conditions in the following words:

"If any are discontented with their state here; if any believe that wages or prices, the returns for honest toil, are inadequate, they should not fail to remember that there is no other country in the world where the conditions that seem to them hard would not be accepted as highly prosperous. The English agriculturist would be glad to exchange the returns of his labor for those of the American farmer, and the Manchester workmen their wages with those of their fellows at Fall River."

There is also a most charming suggestion of irony in the following passage of the message, dealing with the change of policy in the matter of tariff:

"It is not my purpose to renew here the argument in favor of a protective tariff. The result of the recent election must be accepted as having introduced a new policy. We must assume that the present tariff, constructed upon the lines of protection, is to be repealed, and that there is to be substituted for it a tariff law constructed solely with reference to revenue; that no duty is to be higher because the increase will keep open an American mill or keep up the wages of an American workman, but that in every case such a rate of duty is to be imposed as will bring to the Treasury of the United States the largest returns of revenue. The contention has not been between the schedules, but between principles, and it would be offensive to suggest that the prevailing party will not carry into legislation the principles advocated by it and the pledges given to the people."

It is, perhaps, well, as a mere matter of etiquette, that President Harrison should consider it "offensive" to suggest that the Low-Tariff-Free-Trade party will not fulfill its pledges to the people. THE CITIZEN, however, is not bound by such a consideration, and it has no hesitation in saying that it has no faith whatever in the moral courage of the coming administration. Such economic zealots as Senators Carlisle and Mills and Mr. Watterson are unquestionably honest in heir Free Trade views, and have the courage of their convictions, but Mr. Cleveland is not radical on the subject, and he will never consent to a sweeping reduction of the tariff. He will fall back upon his letter of acceptance, and, with his usual egotism, make himself superior to—will not be bound by—his party and its platform. He essays the role of Jackson, which he will find a difficult part to fill, and will allow to be dealt out only homeopathic doses of "tariff reform." This is unfortunate, because the Democratic party will possess, on and after March 4 next, the presidency, the senate, and the house. For more than twenty years they have been yelling for revenue tariff. They pledged themselves in their national conventions to that issue, but particularly in the convention of last June, held in this city. But Cleveland will stand in the way, and a working majority of his followers will be only too glad to shelter themselves behind his broad back, ignore the party platform and break their pledges to the people. Time will be the avenger.

BIGOTS AND ZEALOTS SHOULD TAKE A REST.

THE CITIZEN thinks it would be well for the country at large if superzealous Catholics and Protestants would cease wrangling about matters of belief and policy. This country is too young and too great, to be invaded by the bickerings of less enlightened States. All the churches will prosper exceedingly, if they keep their hands out of secular concerns. Zeal for the salvation of the youth of the Republic is commendable in all clergymen, but it would be much better if confined to the churches. The fulminations of clergymen of all creeds, published in the secular press, are productive of harm rather than good. Bigots beget bigots by useless controversy. For our own part, we abhor bigotry in any shape. Our native land has been cursed and crushed by it, and we sincerely hope our adopted country may be spared its ravages. Let us all worship God, in our respective churches, according to our lights, and let us, for God's sake, educate our children to serve Him, without making an everlasting howl about it.

Our American Constitution recognizes no creed, which shows the wisdom of its construction. It is a purely secular document, as it ought to be. Church and state are separate in this country, and God ever keep them so, we fervently pray. The Kingdom of God is not of the earth earthy. State churches, whether Protestant or Catholic, have not made a record to make Christians rejoice, but the contrary. In matters affecting the Republic, THE CITIZEN believes in American oneness. It marches under a flag with four and forty stars. It believes in universal education, and it believes in every creed educating its votaries after its own fashion, without interfering with the rights of others, or the fundamental rights of the whole people. All these matters will regulate themselves properly, if hot headed Protestant bigots, like the Rev. Mr. Tobias, and copious newspaper correspondents, like certain reverend gentlemen of the Catholic persuasion down East, will only curb their tongues and pens. We don't believe in warfare between the German Catholics and other Catholics of this country Catholic means universal, and there can be no true Catholicism where unseemly factions prevail. As to foreignizing the Catholic church in America, THE CITIZEN believes such a thing impossible, and cannot understand the senseless panic produced in certain quarters because of Herr Cahensly's antics in a distant country. American children *will* speak the American language, even if a wall of iron were built around them. It is in the air. All Europe could not change our conditions. We are the child of Europe, but we have outgrown our swaddling clothes. In fact, we wear the breeches among the nations. If the Lord would only visit some of our clerical friends with what Sidney Smith would call "a long and brilliant flash of silence," it would be for the benefit of religion, patriotism and common sense.

ABOUT HUMAN VALOR.

A banquet was recently given to the surviving members of the Light Brigade, who charged into the Valley of Death at Balaklava, on Oct. 25, 1854. The English papers say that only twenty eight men who participated in the immortal charge could be found, and even some of these belonged to Scarlett's brigade of Heavy Dragoons, who rode to the rescue of their comrades. Many of the survivors died in abject poverty, utterly neglected by the government and the people glorified by their unsurpassed valor. Of the 600 and odd "sabres" that went into the fight, 320 were wielded by Irish hands. Military writers, English of course, claim that Thermopylæ alone equalled Balaklava as a feat of arms. The latter was indeed a splendid, although blundering, achievement, and "me'er may valor lose its meed," no matter to what army the men belong, or how unjust the cause in which they fight, because soldiers cannot dispute an order, and their duty, at all times, when commanded, is to "do and die," without reply or question. Otherwise an army would be worthless. But, it seems to THE CITIZEN, that the defense of the Bridge of Athlone, by the Irish, in 1690; the defense of the Breach of Limerick, in the same year; the defense of Saragossa, in 1809; of the Alamo, Texas, in 1836, and the defense of Plevna in 1877, deserve to rank with Balaklava, if not with Thermopylæ, as feats of arms. In fact it is written on the entablature of the Alamo, "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none!" Every man died at his post.

THE MUTINOUS BRITISH ARMY.

It is remarkable that the only army in Europe raised by voluntary enlistment, namely the British, is the most mutinous. The Grenadier Guards, the Coldstreams, the Royal Artillery and the Fourth, or Queen's Own, Hussars, have all brought themselves into prominence by refusing to do unpleasant duty, and by cutting up their equipments. There must be a cause for all this trouble. Up to within the last decade, the British soldier was the most docile in the world, except the Russian. There were great mutinies in the navy—notably that of the Nore in 1796—but the army, except in a few trivial instances, rarely gave cause of complaint at the war office. The Sepoy mutiny is not, of course, included in this statement, nor is the revolt of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, mostly Irish, in 1798, because, on both occasions, the mutineers were influenced by national feeling and a desire to overthrow the British power; but the English army proper, as we have said, never manifested such a spirit of sullen insubordination as it does today. The men will no longer tolerate the tyrannical capriciousness of their aristocratic officers, and it is remarkable that not a single mutineer has been sentenced to death, or to mutilation by the lash—a punishment which is still retained in such cases, although it has been abolished, owing to the late Mr. Parnell's exertions, for minor offenses. Such an army is more dangerous than a powder magazine, and is liable to blow up the throne and all thereunto appertaining at the first serious provocation. When John Bull is afraid to punish Tommy Atkins, for open and notorious mutiny, the latter becomes master instead of servant. There is an end of the mutiny bill, and the army organization is gone to smash. THE CITIZEN is of opinion that a majority of the existing British army are idle, lazy, good for-nothing fellows anyhow, entirely unlike the superb soldiers who fought in the Iberian Peninsula, in Belgium, in the Punjaub and in the Crimea. Why is this? Because the Irish element in the British army has become too small to leaven the mass of Anglo-Saxon boors who now fill the erstwhile brilliant ranks with immaturity, timidity and general worthlessness. The reports of the British war office show a most demoralizing record, and the *Army and Navy Gazette*, published in London—the organ of the Horse Guards and the mouthpiece of the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief—calls loudly for Irish recruits, "the magnificent British(?) infantry," as James Grant, the Scotch military historian and novelist, used to call them.

In the days of Wellington, the Irish formed 50 per cent of the British army. Under Lord Raglan, in the Crimean war, they were more than 40 per cent. In the Indian mutiny, they were not far from that proportion. Now, they have fallen to 20 per cent, or less, and behold the result! It is a well known fact that Irishmen filled up the ranks of the alleged Highland regiments during the Waterloo campaign. John Mitchel, who never wrote without authority, says that the Forty second (Black Watch) was filled up in the spring of 1815 from the ranks of the Meath Militia, and, says he, "they died to the number of 400, in their petticoats (kilts) as they deserved to die, under the swords of Ney's cuirassiers in the wheat fields of Quatre Bras."

Even of late years, Irishmen have been drawn upon pretty largely to recruit the Highlanders. The Seventy-eighth regiment, who, up to a short while ago, wore the kilt and tartan, are familiarly known as "the Glasgee H'Irish," being chiefly recruited from the young men, of Irish parentage, born in the great commercial city of Auld Scotia. An amusing anecdote is related of the Duke of Athole, who recently commanded a division of the British army in India. He gave a military banquet, a few years ago, at which the Queen's son, "Pat," generally called the Duke of Connaught, was present. A stalwart "Highlander," with sandy locks and flashing blue eyes, stood behind Lord Athole's chair and played the Scotch bagpipes in a style that would have warmed the heart of Lochiel himself. "Ah," said the Duke, "the braw auld bagpipes! How their skirl wakes me up! Well, mon, an' what part o' the land o' the heather did ye come frae noo?"

"From Connemarr, yer haner!" replied the piper; and a roar of laughter, in which the martial Duke joined most heartily, shook the rafters.

If England, instead of cheating Ireland out of the Grattan settlement of 1782, had frankly accepted it, and remained in political alliance with Ireland, as Norway is with Sweden, and Hungary with Austria, her Irish contingent would be, today, the most formidable military force in the world. The population of Ireland would be 16,000,000—the best military depot on the earth to draw from, because of the natural physical strength of the people. The Irish are the tallest race in Europe, and the best proportioned, as English and Belgian scientists have admitted. They are a race filled with vitality, and they have left their impress on the American population, which is fast outstripping that of Europe in the matter of physique. Very few Irish recruits are rejected by the English surgeons, because, as a rule, they are free from varicose veins enlarged joints, bow-legs and other imperfections and deformities common enough among English recruits, particularly in the manufacturing centres. The English aristocratic and middle classes are, as a rule, splendid specimens of the human family, physically considered, but they won't enlist, and the English laboring classes are, as we have said, from one cause or another, generally inferior to the Irish. When they do enlist, they want luxuries, or they mutiny. The Irish never mutiny an account of hard work or their bellies. Patriotism alone can stir them from their military duty. They, naturally, prefer the Green to the Red, poor fellows; but they would scorn to revolt against their officers because of an extra drill, in which indeed they take pleasure rather than otherwise, or because an occasional ration goes wrong. The greatest political mistake that England ever committed was in making Ireland a deadly enemy instead of a powerful ally.

LOCAL POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

The transfer of offices in Cook county was effected with great decorum on Monday. The five superior and two circuit Democratic judges were duly introduced by their Republican predecessors, and took their seats on the bench with perfect composure. Flowers took the place of ermine, and there was some polite eloquence indulged in on both sides. The Republicans laid down the burden, and their rivals took it up. That was all. The mills of justice will grind on just the same. The veteran Capt. McGrath surrendered his office of superior court clerk to his young successor, Mr. Stephen Griffin. The Captain was presented with a set of resolutions and a beautiful memorial album by his clerks before retiring. The pleasant veteran was a great favorite with the lawyers, and Mr. Griffin, who is very amiable, will doubtless follow in his footsteps. Mr. Henry Best, the popular clerk of the circuit court, was also complimented by his employes before taking leave. Capt. Jack Stephens turned over the recorder's office in excellent shape to Mr. Samuel B. Chase—one of the most successful public men that Chicago has produced. Hon. Henry Herig, coroner, made way for James McHale, the most cheerful man that ever sat upon a corpse, and so it went all around. Only a few changes in the minor clerkships have been made, but the heads of departments have been relieved in most cases. It is expected that by Jan. 1 all the changes that are going to be made will be effected. The Democrats who are after something, and who believe in the famous Jacksonian maxim, want every Republican head to fall, but the moderately disposed among them, who don't want anything for themselves or others, are not so ferocious.

Of course there will be many disappointments, and then the gentlemen who went in on the tidal wave will not be quite so popular as they are just now. The flowers won't bloom for them in the spring, tra la, as they do 'mid winter's snow, for human fidelity is a changeable commodity, and gratitude for favors expected figures more largely in politics than gratitude for favors previously extended. There will be weeping, wailing and collision of teeth among our Democratic friends who are left out in the cold, and whose linen dusters will serve the purpose of ulsters during the chilly weather. In fact it may be set down that perfect contentment is not a human condition—especially a political condition.

By the way, there is the question of the mayoralty in the spring. The Man on Horseback, it is well known, will be a candidate anyhow. He is superior to all parties. The Son of His Father is also in the field, on the Democratic side—his breeches pocket stuffed out with the votes of the sons of the Rhineland—according to his supporters' statements. These two warriors will make things exceedingly interesting for the victors of last November. Meanwhile the Republicans, defeated but unsubdued, are looking around for an available candidate The mayoral incumbent is out of the question. The city also needs a great big man—big in brain if not in body—to represent it before the distinguished people of the nations at the World's Fair. It wants a man who can look like somebody and make a speech above the level of a mediocre urchin's effort. The World's Fair chief magistrate must be a man, not a boy. He must have a brain large enough, and a heart broad enough, to do full justice to the great city and the progressive people over whom he is to rule. Above all, he should be a self-made man, with his own merits for a platform.

AN UNCHARITABLE MINISTER.

When zeal for the salvation of the souls of men takes the form of religious insanity, the minister of the gospel who is the victim of such a condition is to be pitied rather than hated. What are humanely disposed people to think of the following outburst, attributed to a prominent Methodist divine by a press dispatch from St. Louis, dated Dec 6:

"The Rev. Dr. Lowry, one of the best known preachers in the Southern Methodist church, created a sensation here last night at the Centenary Methodist church, where he is holding a revival meeting, by reviling the memories and the names of Emma Abbott, P. T. Barnum, Jay Gould and P. S. Gilmore. Dr. Lowry was located in Nashville when Miss Abbott arose in the congregation there and brought the preacher to book for slandering the profession. Dr. Lowry said, while exhorting sinners, that her example led other young women to enter the paths of temptation. 'Their ruined and wrecked lives,' he declared, was due to Miss Abbott's influence. Of Jay Gould he spoke in most uncomplimentary terms, and then he turned his attention to P. T. Barnum with equal virulence, declaring that the almighty dollar was their God and that their lives were a bad example. His most cruel words were directed at the dead Gilmore. He said: 'You all knew him, and I have nothing to say against the influence of his music. But what about Mr. Gilmore's private life? What about the cause of his death, which is an open secret?' Concluding, he declared that if he thought it would turn one sinner to repentance he would go out to the cemetery and drag the dead from their graves and shake their fleshless jaws till their teeth rattled."

Of such material were made the religious persecutors of all ages: Henry VIII., Bloody Mary, Elizabeth, the Duke of Alva, Oliver Cromwell and Graham of Claverhouse. Those wretches believed in murdering their fellow beings "for conscience sake." How different from that divine Lord, whose mercy they profane, who said to the adulteress, whom the Pharisees would have stoned to death: "He who is guiltless, let him cast the first stone!" Nobody felt guiltless, and then the benignant Jesus said unto the woman, "Go and sin no more!" Oh, harsh preachers of all creeds, in your pitch of pride, remember the words and the example of Him before whose glory and justice ye are all as nothing! The language of vituperation and vengeance is not the language of God—not the language of Him, who said to the repentant thief, in his dying agony upon the Cross, "This night, thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB OF BUTTE.

The Irish-American Club of Butte, Mont., opened their splendid new quarters in that city on Thursday evening. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen of all races and creeds. Mr. John Caplice, a leading merchant of Butte, and a native of Tipperary, is president, and Mr. D. F. Donahue, secretary. The club was organized mainly through the efforts of Mr. John Maguire, Mr. Caplice, Mr. Richard D. Walsh, formerly of Chicago; Mr. Joseph Kerrigan, also a former Chicagoan, and about a dozen other patriotic Irish Americans, including Mr. Marcus Daly, who has done a great deal in encouraging the movement by word and example. Mr. John Maguire, the famous Opera House manager of Montana, was the first president. The club has a membership of one hundred and fifty, and will, no doubt, continue to increase. THE CITIZEN wishes it great success.

SCARED OF THE POPE.

Nast's Weekly, published in New York, date Dec. 3, under the heading of "Right You Are" prints:

"'Some of the 'fool friends' of the Roman Church in this country are again advocating the question of a papal nuncio at Washington,' remarks the *Universalist* of Chicago. 'Such an official would be the ambassador of the Pope of Rome to the American government. There is not the slightest probability that any such official would be received even if appointed, and the latter is as unlikely as the former. This government has nothing to do with the religious affairs of Rome and receives only civil diplomats as representatives of the various European countries. The administration that would encourage the appointment of any such nuncio or legate would go out of power by the votes of the people by a more tremendous majority than was ever rendered on a political question.'"

THE CITIZEN begs leave to say that if Pope Leo XIII had possession of the states of the church, as they existed before the revolution of 1860, the Washington government could not very well refuse to receive a political representative of the Vatican, in the shape of an ambassador. Such a refusal would place it in a position of glaring inconsistency. The Washington government, for example, receives the minister of the Queen of England, and she is Pope of the English church; of the Emperor of Russia, and he is Pope of the Greek, or Russian, church; of the Sultan of Turkey, and he represents Mohammed and Mormonism; of the Emperor of China, and he represents Confucius and Buddha; of the King of Siam, and he represents—well, no matter. In fact we could extend the list indefinitely. As far as the nuncio proposition is concerned, we do not pretend to be in the confidence of the Pope, but we have great faith that, as a trained diplomat and a man of genius, which even his opponents cannot deny, his Holiness is amply able to cope successfully with the matter, and will make no movement that would arouse insensate latent bigotry in this country. We say, in all humility, that we cannot conceive what use a papal nuncio would be in Washington, unless as an ornament to society. The Catholic episcopacy of America is quite capable of managing its own affairs, but if the Pope were to have dealings with America that might require the services of an ambassador or envoy, it is entirely probable that the latter's mission would be to the archbishops and bishops, not to the White House. His functions would be purely spiritual, and, in that capacity, we suppose his presence would not disturb Mr. Nast, or the *Universalist*, to the extent of keeping them awake o'nights, thinking of "Pope, popery, brass money and wooden shoes." It is to be hoped they would not require the famous legend of Orange Bandon inscribed on the walls of Castle Garden. The Pope seems to be used at present as a Bogey in this country. He has a good many sincere friends, spiritually considered, here, and it would be at least as dangerous to insult him as the Czar of Russia.

IRISH political matters are dull to the verge of stupidity. All speculations in regard to Mr. Gladstone's promised Home Rule bill are without foundation, according to Son Herbert.

THE Sheridan Club of Chicago is one of the best equipped in the United States, and represents a good deal of wealth and public spirit.

THE financial scandals connected with the Panama canal scheme led to the dissolution of the French Ministry last week, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, a new one was formed on Tuesday, with M. Ribot as Premier; M. de Freycinet as Minister of War, M. Rovier, Minister of Finance; M. Loubet, Minister of the Interior, and so on. It appears to be an able Cabinet, and, as Minister of War, M. de Freycinet has previously displayed a genius for organization and equipment not second to that of the President's grandfather, M. Carnot, the immortal "organizer of victory" for the invincible armies of the Revolution. France, as a military power, stands on an equality with her powerful neighbor and rival, the German empire, and if, unfortunately, these two martial giants should ever clash, there will be a slaughter of brave men unequalled in history.

THE charity ball given on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, realized over $20 000. The proceeds will go to various charities, without distinction of race or creed.

JAY GOULD is dead. Out of his vast fortune, he took not a single dollar to the grave. It will be distributed among his relatives, and, in a few years, he will be as utterly forgotten as A. T. Stewart, old Commodore Vanderbilt and other financial prodigies who have passed to their account. "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity," saith the preacher, but no vanity is so vain as that which expires when the poor inanimate dust is severed from the yellow dross which in life it worshipped.

THE Irish seem to be forging rapidly to the front in the Canadian Dominion. In the new cabinet, of which Sir John Thompson is premier, we find the Hon. John Ostigan appointed minister of state; Hon. John Haggart, minister of railways and canals, and the Hon. T. M. Daly minister of the interior. This is just three times more recognition than the Irish ever got in the United States cabinet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. E. MCCARTHY, Pinconning.—Church property of all denominations is exempt from taxation in this city and State.

P. C., Fairbault, Minn.—1. Address Hon. A. L. Morrison, Public Land office, Santa Fé, N. M.; James F. Burke, lawyer, Pittsburg, Pa.; Simon J. Forhan, Shufeldt Distillery Co., Chicago; Gen. George A. Sheridan can be found by addressing him care of Hon. William McKinley, Columbus, Ohio. Hon. T. H. Carter resides in Helena, Mont. Your second question refers to a matter of opinion in which you are as competent to decide as ourselves.

J. H., South Omaha, Neb.—The population of Ireland in 1843 was about 8,500,000. Now it is 4,000,000 less. Not counting the natural increase, 4,000,000 less. Not counting the natural increase, this leaves 4 000 000 to be accounted for. Of those living in that generation, or up to, say, 1853, about 2,500,000 reached America, Canada and Australia. The other million and a half died at home of famine and typhus fever induced by famine. Millions more, of the following generation, emigrated. It is safe to say that, in all, hardly less than 8,000 000 of people emigrated from Ireland during the reign of Victoria. These figures are, we think, the minimum, although they appear to be enormous. It is, to be sure, a horrible, and disgraceful, record both for England, who caused it, and for us who permitted it, without striking one blow worthy of our martial forefathers.

NOVEMBER 23, 1869.

BY MARY COONEY.

Why, Mary, now this dreamy mood,
This look so fixed and calm?
Oh, saints above! how hard you press
Your brow with open palm.
The day was dull and dark I know,
But young hearts should be light;
And sure you said, on Sunday last,
You'd sing with me tonight.
There's gallant work before us, love,
So drive this gloom away,
And help me with the chorus, love,
Of Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Hush, John, asthore, this blessed night
My vocal powers are fled;
For, oh! my heart is filled with thoughts
Of Ireland's martyred dead.
I strive to laugh, but all in vain—
For through the noisy glee,
My thoughts will wander back again
To Ireland's martyred Three.
Oh! scorching wind of hell may blight
The hands that laid them low;
Oh! biting blasts from heaven tonight
May freeze them while they glow.

Great God! what dark avenging thoughts
Come crowding on my brain,
As o'er and o'er I read about
The list of Ireland's slain.
They're gone—but that for which they died,
Methinks 'tis near our reach;
For men have vowed with angered breath
To practice what they preach.
And may—but no, let curses cease—
They cannot heal our woe;
And yet it gives my bosom ease
To curse our country's foe.

'Tis well to sing her grand old songs,
In wild and warlike strains;
But were they framed in words of fire,
They could not wrench her chains.
Then from our hearts this holy night
We banish song and shout,
For sterner thought must cheer us while
We cast the bullets out.
'Tis well, my girl, and wisely said—
There, set the fire aglow:
Good faith—but 'tis a shower of lead
Will strike our foemen low.

Quick, quick, we'll mould, and think we see,
Through morning's misty ray,
The scaffold red with Ireland's blood,
Where maddening demons prey.
Our brothers' blood—oh, sure 'twas hard
To fill a Saxon grave;
Still loud they pray'd till fell the drop
That God their land would save.
Then hear, O God! their dying words,
And heal our country's woe;
Make strong our hands and bless our swords,
To save her from the foe.
—*Flag of Ireland.*

IRISH NEWS.

Rev. P. McDonnell, C. C., Enniskillen, who has been suffering from a severe attack of illness for some time past is now recovering.

Rev. Father Huntington, C. C., has arrived in Enniskillen from Clare to take the place of Rev. P. McGinty, P.P.

Rev. John Gavigance, C. C., Ballintra, has been appointed curate in St. Patrick's Ballyshannon.

The Holy Father has granted, on the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence to all who visit the new church of St. Patrick at Croagh Patrick, and pray for the intention of the Pope.

Mr. George Woodburn, who died recently at his residence, No. 3 Villa Park, Royal Canal, Dublin, was one of the Dublin men who volunteered and served for some years in the Papal Brigade.

Rev. P. McGinity, P. P., who has been officiating in Enniskillen for a fortnight owing to Father McDonnell's indisposition, has gone to his new home at Trillick.

The improvement and repairs of St. Patrick's church, Ballyshannon, are now progressing rapidly. When finished it will be one of the finest Catholic churches in the diocese of Raphoe.

On Sunday, the 20th inst., an interesting religious ceremony of erecting stations of the cross in Portroe church, near Nenagh, took place, when a most impressive sermon was delivered by the Very Rev. J. McDermott, Limerick. The sacred edifice, which has undergone a thorough renovation, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The Mission in Tuam Cathedral conducted by the Rev. Fathers Nicoll and Browne, O. M. I., assisted by the priests of the Presbytery and the College, was most successful. Multitudes thronged to the confessionals, and were attended to by his Grace, the archbishop, the local clergy, and other priests of the deanery. His Grace the archbishop, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in presence of thousands.

On Monday morning Miss Nugent, formerly of Whitehouse, Belfast, in religion Sister Mary Acquin, was professed in Newry convent, at the hands of his Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, bishop of Dromore. The clergy and visitors were entertained to a most sumptuous *dejeuner* by the nuns.

The Quarant Ore opened in the chapel attached to the Presentation Convent, Midleton, on Saturday. The celebration of the high mass was by the Very Rev. Canon Hutch, D. D., P. P., Midleton; deacon the Rev. T. O'Callaghan, Tasmania; subdeacon, Rev. W. F. O'Brien, C. C., Midleton, and master of ceremonies, Rev. E Morton, C. C., Midleton. The devotion was brought to a close on Monday with high mass.

The Rev. Father McDermott, C. C., Sligo, recently met with a very severe accident. He and Father Hughes were driving on an outside car when the vehicle came in contact with a hand cart. Both reverend gentlemen were thrown off. Father Hughes escaped unhurt, but Father McDermott sustained somewhat severe injuries. He was conveyed to the Presbytery and medical assistance procured. He is still suffering much from the effects of the accident.

The Month's Mind of the late Father Davis, P. P., of Baltimore, was celebrated at the parish church at Rath on Wednesday, Nov 16, in the presence of a large assemblage of clergy and laity, many coming from long distances outside the diocese of Ross. Requium mass, at which his Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross, presided, was celebrated by Rev. John Fihilly, C. C., Skibbereen; deacon, Rev. P. Hennessy, C. C., Aughadown; sub-deacon, Rev. Father O'Sullivan, C. C., Sherkin Island, and master of ceremonies, Rev. D. O'Brien, P. P., Baltimore.

The annual reunion was celebrated at the Presentation College, Cork, on Saturday evening. The chairman, Bro. E J. Connolly, in giving an account of the year's work done in the college, said the Presentation College had come off with flying colors at the different examinations held during 1892 At the recent examinations of the Royal University they were more than usually successful. They presented thirty-one candidates, twenty-seven of whom passed. At the South Kensington examinations close on to one hundred certificates were secured in sound, light, and heat, theoretical mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, drawing, etc.

A very successful and well attended meeting of the Enniskillen Catholic Literary Society was held recently in St. Michael's reading room. Mr. Bernard Teague, president, occupied the chair. Readings and recitations were given by Messrs. F. Grigsan, M. Gilcea, N. T.; John Cox, Owen Corrigan and Michael J. Doherty. Mr. Patrick McManus read an original paper entitled "A Trip to Daventish." Mr. M. Curran continued the lessons on Irish history, giving a lucid explanation of chapters 15, 16 and 17 of A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland."

On Thursday evening, 17th inst., Mr. A. Flint delivered the second of a series of lectures on Elocution to the members of the Cork Young Men's Society. To this lecture the lady friends of members and subscribers were admitted, and a large and appreciative audience attended (the other lectures being delivered in class in the Dramatic Corps of the society.) The lecturer, in choice language, alluded to the great advantages of elocutionary reading both as an item of education and as a refining accomplishment. A warm vote of thanks was conveyed to the lecturer by Mr. James O'Sullivan, secretary of the society, who presided, and was suitably responded to by Mr. Flint.

On the Feast of the Presentation of Our Blessed Lady, the Oblates of Our Lady of Good Counsel opened a new house at Nottingham. The bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, celebrated mass at 9 o'clock a. m., and gave holy communion to the community. There was a banquet in the afternoon, at which were present his Lordship Very Rev. Provost Harnett, Very Rev. Canon Douglas, Rev. Fathers Mills, Fitzgerald, McKenna, Ellison, and several of the diocesan clergy. The bishop proposed the toast of the day: "The Father Superior and the College of Our Lady of Good Counsel." "The Health of His Lordship" was proposed by the Very Rev. Provost.

The Quarant' Ore was celebrated in St Patrick's Memorial church, Downpatrick on Sunday, when a very beautiful and impressive procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament, organized by the good Sisters of Mercy, who occupy the beautiful convent adjoining the church, took place. The altar was decorated with unusual splendor. The ceremony was preceded by an eloquent and appropriate sermon, delivered by the Rev. Prof. Boylan, St. Malachy's College, Belfast. The girls, numbering about 150 all dressed in white, were first, and were followed by fifty boys, all wearing a red sash, bordered with cloth of gold. The ceremony closed with benediction, and the singing of "Hail, Glorious St. Patrick." The Rev Father McAlister assisted at the ceremony, and the Very Rev. P. O'Kane, P P, V. G., the respected pastor of the parish, presided. The boys of the parish were specially trained for the procession by the Christian Brothers, whose advent into Downpatrick has been hailed with the greatest satisfaction by the parishioners.

The bishop of Raphoe, in a letter to his clergy announcing the cathedral collection, which took place last Sunday, said: "No one is more painfully aware than I am of the pitiable condition into which a general want of price for live stock and a sad deficiency in many places of the potato crop have thrown the bulk of the Catholic population in this diocese. In a neighboring diocese where there was question, not of erecting, but of suitably completing and decorating a noble cathedral, we have been set an extraordinary example of generosity this year by rich and poor alike. The good priests who are seeking subscriptions in America look to home for an argument to encourage our friends abroad to contribute. I trust the printed parochial return will be such as to help them on their arduous mission. Please God, next year, I shall be able to announce that the masonry is nearly completed. Even now the building is worth coming to see. Until it is finished the holy sacrifice of the mass will be offered up weekly for all contributors."

The Very Rev. T. Canon Rice, P. P., V. F., preached on Sunday in the Catholic church, Moy, to aid in defraying the heavy debt incurred by alterations and improvements in the church, and the erection of a parochial house and schools. The Most Rev. Dr. Logue, archbishop of Armagh, and primate of all Ireland, presided at the mass, which was celebrated by Rev. M. Makin, C.C., Ballinderry. The congregation was very large, and among those present were a great many from Armagh, who attended to show how greatly Father McOscar, the present parish priest in Moy, had endeared himself to his people in Armagh, while he was acting there as administrator. After mass, Rev. H. McOscar, P. P., announced that the subscriptions received had far exceeded anything he had expected, over £200 having been received for tickets £208 19s 3d having been given in the church. In a few sentences he returned thanks to the primate for his presence and to the people from other parishes who had so generously contributed. The Most Rev. Dr. Logue also briefly thanked all who had assisted for their kindness, and referred to Father McOscar in terms of the highest praise and eulogium.—*Irish Catholic.*

THE PREMIER STANDARD GUIDE.

The Standard Guide to Chicago for 1893, World's Fair edition, is being completely revised, reset and rearranged. In many respects it will be a decided improvement upon the issues of the two preceding years. Experience has taught Mr. Flinn that many alterations might be made which would make it more valuable as a reference book. Therefore, a rearrangement of the matter has been decided upon. All of the matter appearing in the former editions has been condensed to make room for new information of interest and importance. Probably 100,000 new facts will be added. The World's Fair edition will be superbly illustrated and bound. The engravings will be nearly all new. New maps will be added. The quality of the book will be greatly improved. The price of the book—$1 per volume—will remain the same It will be ready for delivery in this country about the first of March, but a special foreign edition will be issued for delivery abroad about the first of February. The demand for the book in foreign countries has so increased within the past few months that a special foreign edition has become a necessity.

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Poland, of St. Ignatius' College, was called to Cincinnati last week on account of the death of his father.

The Young Ladies' Society of St. Elizabeth's church gave an entertainment in De LaSalle Institute last Tuesday evening.

Last Thursday there was a solemn high mass at the Sacred Heart church at 10:30 o'clock, with a sermon by the Rev. Father Corbett.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society made their annual retreat in St. Patrick's church commencing Sunday evening. The Rev. Father Shaw conducted the exercises.

Sunday last the forty hours' devotion began at St. Peter's church, Clark and Polk streets, immediately after the 7:30 mass, and closed on Tuesday evening with solemn benediction.

The well known missionary and pulpit orator, the Rev. Father Lambert, S.J., of St. Mary's, Kan., conducted a retreat to young ladies this week at St. James' church, Twenty ninth street and Wabash avenue. The opening instruction was given Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Thursday the feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed at all the churches, it being a holy day of obligation. The services were the same as on Sundays. In the Holy Family church there was a solemn high mass and sermon by the Rev. Father Kokenge, S.J.

The Rev. Father Hughes began a retreat to young ladies in the Holy Family church last Sunday at 7.30 o'clock. To avoid overcrowding no one but young ladies were admitted to the church during the services. The exercises for the week took place in the morning at 5 o'clock and at 8 o'clock in the evening.

The Rev. H. M. Chalmer, S.J., of Cincinnati, lectured on Wednesday evening of last week at Sodality Hall, Jesuit parish, on "Cardinal Newman as a Poet." A large and appreciative audience greeted the speaker, manifesting close attention and great interest in the subject of his discourse which was treated in a masterly manner. The next lecure of the sodality course, Columbian series, will be delivered Monday evening, Dec. 12

A bazaar for the sale of fancy articles, mostly needlework, has been opened by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in the Ashland Block, Clark and Randolph streets. Dolls, hand-painted pieces, dainty garments, quilts, cussions, and a great variety of fancy articles suitable for gentlemen, ladies, and children, all the work of the inmates of that institution, are on exhibition. The place will be open each day and evening till Dec. 15.

The regular monthly meeting of the Organ Association of St. Catherine's church, in Austin, was held at the residence of Mr. F X Madd, on Spaun Park avenue, on Thursday evening of last week. About fifty ladies and gentlemen were present, and a resolution was adopted authorizing the executive committee to purchase a $1,000 organ, and have it in the church for use on Christmas morning After the business meeting a short programme was given, including a Bellamy dance by a quintette of young ladies, which was a most graceful as well as amusing performance. This was followed by a piano solo by Miss Regina Doran, an original poem by Miss Anna Jordan, vocal solo by Mr. Frank Bants, "Reminiscence of Venice" by the Rev Father Campbell, and a Scotch dance by Miss Jessie O'Brien, which was most charmingly executed and brought out an encore from the company. The guests them amused themselves with dancing for an hour longer. The society is in a flourishing condition, nearly all of the congregation having become members. The officers are Mr. C. E. Corrigan, president; Miss Bants, secretary, and Mr. Loyd treasurer.

A Boy's Talk with a Railroad Magnate.

"What is the danger signal?" asked Hal, who was beginning to consider these railroad signals almost as important and well worth knowing as those in which he drilled his football team.

"Red for danger, green for caution, and white for safety; flags by day and lanterns at night," replied the railroad uncle, adding: "I am sure you must have noticed men at road-crossings waving white flags to show that the track was clear, as your train rushed by?"

"Of course I have," answered Hal.

"Or the watchmen on sharp curves and bridges, waving green flags as much as to say, 'You may go ahead, but you must do so with caution?'"

"I don't remember seeing them," responded Hal; "but I'll look out for the green flags the very next time I go on the cars."

"A red flag or a red light is imperative," continued Mr. Holder, "and means 'Sound the call for brakes and stop at once.' There are other danger and cautionary signals I think you will be especially interested in," added his uncle, "torpedoes and fuses, for instance. A torpedo on the rail is the one most used and most reliable of all the danger signals."

"But I shouldn't think it would be loud enough," objected Hal. "Why don't you use something louder—say, cannon crackers?"

"Oh, you are thinking of the little paper-wrapped torpedoes, such as children play with; but they are not the kind I mean. A railroad torpedoe is a round tin box just about the size of a silver dollar, filled with percussion powder. Attached to it are two little leaden strips that can be bent under the edges of the rail, so as to hold the torpedo firmly in position on top of it. In this position, when a locomotive wheel strikes it with the force of a sledge hammer, it explodes with a report, fully as loud as a cannon-cracker, that can be plainly heard above all other sounds of the train. It is a warning sufficient to arouse the engineman, and to render him keenly alert.

"If a train meets with any accident or obstruction that bids fair to cause a delay of more than a few seconds, the engineman sounds five short whistle-blasts (— — — — —) On hearing this signal the rear brakeman must immediately run back a quarter of a mile or so, and place a torpedo on one of the rails that his train has just passed over. Then, going back about two hundred yards further, he places two more torpedoes, a rail's length apart. He then returns to the first torpedo, and, with his red flag in hand, stands there until the recall signal is sounded from his own train. On hearing this he picks up and takes with him the single torpedo, but leaves the other two where they are.

"These two torpedoes thus form a cautionary signal; and, translated by the next following engineman mean, 'The train ahead of you has met with a delay. Move cautiously, and keep a sharp lookout.' The single torpedo is an imperative warning to apply the airbrakes, 'Shut off,' and 'Reverse!'—in other words, 'Stop at once; for there is danger immediately ahead.'

"If a train is delayed at night, the rear brakeman sometimes leaves another bit of fireworks behind him when called in. It is a 'fusee,' which is a paper cone containing enough red fire, inextinguishable by wind or rain, to burn exactly five minutes, which is the shortest length of time allowed between two running trains. The engineman of a following train must stop when he comes to a fusee, and not move ahead again until it has burned out; though he can calculate from its condition just about how far ahead the next train is.—*Kirk Monroe in December St Nicholas.*

LARGEST VESSEL AFLOAT.

Launching of the New Cunard Liner Campania.

The latest successor of the old paddle steamers Great Western and Sirius, the two first steamers to cross the Atlantic, is the Campania, of the Cunard Line, just launched from the Fairfield Yard at Govan. She is the largest ship in existence, and marks a great advance in the annals of steamship building. It was no wonder, therefore, that thousands attended the launch when the vessel was named by Lady Burns, wife of the veteran head of the Cunard Company, Sir John Burns. The Campania's proportions are gigantic. She has a length over all of 620 feet, an extreme breadth of 65 feet 3 inches, a depth from upper deck of 43 feet, and a gross tonnage of about 12,000. She thus comes not much short in her dimensions of those of the Great Eastern, which has perished at the hands of the breaker. The Campania, despite her great size, has exceedingly graceful lines. She has a straight stem and an elliptic stern, top gallant forecastle and poop, with close bulwarks fore and aft. Above the upper deck are two tiers of deck houses, carrying respectively the promenade and shade decks. She will be rigged fore and aft, with two pole masts.

We give below a table from the Liverpool *Lighthouse* of Aug 22, 1891, in which the new Cunarders are compared with the Etruria and Umbria, the Majestic and Teutonic, and the two Inman boats:

	New Cunard Liners	Etruria and Umbria	Majestic and Teutonic	Cities of Paris and New York
Length	630	520	582	560
Breadth	65	57	57 6	63
Depth	43	40	39.4	43
Tonnage, gross	18 000	7,720	10,600	10,500
H. P.	23,000	14 500	17,000	18,000
Speed in knots at sea	21	12½	20	20
Record passage	Oct 22	6 19 50	5 18	8m 5 19 8m

From this it will be seen that the new vessels will almost mark as considerable an advance in shipbuilding as did the Umbria and Etruria on their predecessors in 1885, and at 21 knots they must bring the record under 5½ days.

A Successful Glass Firm.

Clergymen who are building or beautifying churches; and laymen who are constructing handsome residences, should look at the advertisement of the Kinsella Glass Company in another column. Years of experience have rendered this firm unequalled in their line of business. Their skill and enterprise ought to be rewarded by extensive patronage.

What $10 Will Do.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie Lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. Buskirk, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 802 Phœnix Building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County, but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. SLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER
Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$721 75
Ald. W. J. O'Brien, 2763 Archer-av	10 00
Messrs. Murphy & Delaney, Nos. 10-12 Wabash avenue	10 00
Owen Murray, 3452 Wabash avenue	10 00
Ald. W. F. Mahony 56 state street	5 00
John Hallowed, 37 39 Adams street	5 00
M. B. Baily, 90 Lasalle street	5 00
Patrick O'Connor, 484 Taylor street	2 00
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All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A.O.H. New Regalia.

At a meeting of the state officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians held in this city on Dec. 4, a uniform regalia was adopted for all members in Illinois. It is of a new and very neat design, and will greatly add to the general appearance of the members in all future parades of the order. The order was found to be in a very prosperous condition, both as to the increase of membership and financially.

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A. O. H.

Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will hold their first grand dramatic entertainment and ball at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, Tuesday evening, Dec. 20 The Innisfail Dramatic Club, well known for the excellence of their entertainments, will present "Innisfail," a drama portraying life in Ireland in 1867, during the Fenian troubles. Division No 1 (formerly No 7) was the first division in the B of E. to demand union among our people and emphasize their demand by uniting with the great body of the A.O H. of America. This fact coupled with the above announcement should fill Apollo Hall to the doors on the 20th inst. with the faithful sons and daughters of Ireland, to enjoy an evening's pleasure and encourage an organization that appeals to the noblest sentiments of the Irish race.

MR FULHAM, the McCarthyite M P. for South Meath, has been unseated, on the ground that he was elected by undue clerical influence It is stated that Mr. Davitt's seat in South Meath is endangered for the same reason. There is great excitement in Ireland over the decision of the court, which was rendered by Judges O'Brien, Johnston and Andrews.

Irish Sea Moss.

H. R Eagle & Co., No. 68 Wabash avenue, have now on hand a large stock of carrageen, or Irish sea moss, which is pronounced by medical experts a specific for coughs and colds, and also an excellent preventive of pneumonia and bronchitis. This wonderful medicine has been used for ages by the Irish people for pulmonary troubles, and seemingly miraculous cures have been effected by it.

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IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

Full fifty years, sweet love, together
We wandered on 'gainst wind and weather;
Beneath love's fond, impulsive sway,
It seemed but like a single day.

Not quite a week the grasses wave,
Dear heart, upon thy hillside grave—
And yet a thousand years to be
It seems since thou art gone from me.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

OLD ÆSON.

Judge between me and my guest, the stranger within my gates, the man whom in his extremity I clothed and fed.

I remember well the time of his coming, for it happened at the end of five days and nights during which the year passed from strength to age; in the interval between the swallow's departure and the redwing's coming; when the tortoise in my garden crept into his winter quarters and the equinox was on us, with an east wind that parched the blood in the trees, so that their leaves for once knew no gradations of red and yellow, but turned at a stroke to brown and crackled like tin foil.

At 5 o'clock in the morning of the sixth day I looked out. The wind still whistled across the sky, but now without the obstruction of any cloud. Full in front of my window Sirius flashed with a whiteness that pierced the eye. A little to the right the whole constellation of Orion was suspended clear over a wedgelike gap in the coast, wherein the sea could be guessed rather than seen, and traveling yet farther the eye fell on two brilliant lights, the one set high above the other; the one steady and a fiery red, the other yellow and blazing intermittently; the one Aldebaran, the other revolving on the lighthouse top, fifteen miles away.

Half way up the east, the moon, now in her last quarter and decrepit, climbed with the dawn close at her heels. At this hour they brought in the stranger, asking if my pleasure were to give him clothing and hospitality.

Nobody knew whence he came, except that it was from the wind and the night, seeing that he spoke in a strange tongue, moaning and making a sound like the twittering of birds in a chimney. But his journey must have been long and painful, for his legs bent under him, and he could not stand when they lifted him.

So, finding it useless to question him for the time, I learned from the servants all they had to tell—namely, that they had come upon him but a few minutes before, lying on his face within my grounds without staff or scrip, bareheaded, spent and crying feebly for succor in his foreign tongue, and in pity they had carried him in and brought him to me.

Now for the look of this man. He seemed a century old, being bald, extremely wrinkled, with wide hollows where the teeth should be, and the flesh hanging loose and flaccid on his cheekbones; and what color he had could have come only from exposure to that bitter night. But his eyes chiefly spoke of his extreme age. They were blue and deep, and filled with the wisdom of years, and when he turned them in my direction they appeared to look through me, beyond me and back upon centuries of sorrow and the slow endurance of man, as if his immediate misfortunes were but an inconsiderable item in a long list.

They frightened me. Perhaps they conveyed a warning of that which I was to endure at their owner's hands. From compassion I ordered the servants to take him to my wife, with word that I wished her to set food before him and see that it passed his lips.

So much I did for this stranger. Now learn how he rewarded me.

He has taken my youth from me, and the most of my substance, and the love of my wife.

From the hour when he tasted food in my house he sat there without hint of going. Whether from design, or because age and his sufferings had really palsied him, he came back tediously to life and warmth, nor for many days professed himself able to stand erect. Meanwhile he lived on the best of our hospitality. My wife tended him, and my servants ran at his bidding, for he managed early to make them understand scraps of his language, though slow in acquiring hours—I believe out of calculation, lest some one should inquire his business (which was a mystery) or hint at his departure.

I myself often visited the room he had appropriated, and would sit for an hour watching those fathomless eyes while I tried to make head or tail of his discourse. When we were alone my wife and I used to speculate at times on his probable profession. Was he a merchant, an aged mariner, tinker, tailor, beggarman, thief? We could never decide, and he never disclosed.

Then the awakening came. I sat one day in the chair beside his, wondering as usual. I had felt heavy of late with a soreness and languor in my bones, as if a dead weight hung continually on my shoulders and another rested on my heart.

A warmer color in the stranger's cheek caught my attention, and I bent forward, peering under the pendulous lids. His eyes were livelier and less profound. The melancholy was passing from them as breath fades off a pane of glass. He was growing younger. Starting up I ran across the room to the mirror.

There were two white hairs in my forelock, and at the corner of either eye half a dozen radiating lines. I was an old man.

Turning, I regarded the stranger. He sat as phlegmatic as an Indian idol, and in my fancy I felt the young blood draining from my own heart and saw it mantling in his cheeks. Minute by minute I watched the slow miracle—the old man beautified. As buds unfold he put on a lovely youthfulness, and drop by drop left me winter.

I hurried from the room, and seeking my wife laid the case before her. "This is a ghoul," I said, "that we harbor; he is sucking my best blood, and the household is clean bewitched." She laid aside the book in which she read and laughed at me. Now my wife was well looking and her eyes were the light of my soul. Consider, then, how I felt as she laughed, taking the stranger's part against me. When I left her it was with a new suspicion in my heart. "How shall it be," I thought, "if after stealing my youth he go on to take the one thing that is better?"

In my room, day by day, I brooded upon this—hating my own alteration and fearing worse. With the stranger there was no longer any disguise. His head blossomed in curls; white teeth filled the hollows of his mouth; the pits in his cheeks were heaped full with roses, glowing under a transparent skin. It was Æson renewed and thankless, and he sat on, devouring my substance.

Now having probed my weakness, and being satisfied that I no longer dared to turn him out, he, who had half imposed his native tongue upon us, constraining the household to a hideous jargon, the bastard growth of two languages, condescended to jerk us back rudely into our own speech once more, mastering it with a readiness that proved his former dissimulation and using it henceforward as the sole vehicle of his wishes. On his past life he remained silent, but took occasion to confide in me that he proposed embracing a military career as soon as he should tire of the shelter of my roof.

And I groaned in my chamber, for that which I feared had come to pass. He was making open love to my wife. And the eyes with which he looked at her and the lips with which he coaxed her had been mine, and I was an old man. Judge now between me and this guest.

One morning I went to my wife, for the burden was past bearing, and I must satisfy myself. I found her tending the plants on her window ledge, and when she turned I saw that years had not taken from her comeliness one jot. And I was old.

So I taxed her on the matter of this stranger, saying this and that, and how I had cause to believe he loved her.

"That is beyond doubt," she answered and smiled.

"By my head, I believe his fancy is returned!" I blurted out.

And her smile grew radiant as, looking me in the face, she answered. "By my soul, husband, it is."

Then I went from her down into my garden, where the day grew hot and the flowers were beginning to droop. I stared upon them and could find no solution to the problem that worked in my heart. And then I glanced up, eastward, to the sun above the privet hedge and saw him coming across the flower beds, treading them down in wantonness. He came with a light step and a smile, and I waited for him, leaning heavily on my stick.

"Give me your watch!" he called out as he drew near.

"Why should I give you my watch?" I asked, while something worked in my throat.

"Because I wish it; because it is gold; because you are too old and won't want it much longer."

"Take it," I cried, pulling the watch out and thrusting it into his hand. "Take it—you who have taken all that is better! Strip me, spoil me"——

A soft laugh sounded above, and I turned. My wife was looking down on us from the window, and her eyes were both moist and glad.

"Pardon me," she said; "it is you who are spoiling the child."—Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in Noughts and Crosses.

Some Famous Dunces.

Literary history is crowded with instances of torpid and uninteresting boyhood. Gibbon was pronounced "dreadfully dull," and the utmost that was predicted of Hume in his youth was that "he might possibly become a steady merchant." Adam Clarke, afterward so deeply skilled in oriental languages and antiquities, was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and of Boileau, who became a model for Pope, it was said that he was a youth of little understanding. Dryden was "a great numskull," who went through a course of education at Westminster, but the "stimulating properties of Dr. Busby's classical ferrule were thrown away upon the drone who was to be known as 'Glorious John.'"—London Standard.

One of Grant's Pictures.

The original picture of "Sheridan's Ride," painted by T. Buchanan Read, now hangs in the private office of President Thomas L. James, of the Lincoln bank. It is about five by four feet in dimensions, and is especially notable for spirited figure of the horse upon which Sheridan is mounted. The picture is the property of Mrs. U. S. Grant, and was sent to the Lincoln storage warehouse pending some alterations in the Grant residence. It was purchased from the artist by a few western men and presented to General Grant soon after the close of the war.—New York Times.

Tracheotomy Advocated.

Some of the most experienced practitioners express the opinion that the expected fact that intubation would, on account of its simplicity, take the place of the knife and add materially to the resources of the profession, has not been fulfilled. It is urged by those who take this ground that the operation necessitates a degree of manual dexterity which the average physician, with his few opportunities, is not able to acquire, and the objection made is that the patient is subjected to a certain amount of exhaustion which can be ill borne in one suffering from diphtheria.—New York Tribune

The Influence of Politicians.

When one, not being a professional politician, looks at the question widely and considers the penalties of political greatness, one begins to wonder whether politics have that influence on the real life of a nation which they are supposed to have, and whether eminent politicians are not merely the puppets of the hour. But that is a question on which the fates forbid that we should enter! Probably in no case are the penalties of greatness so irksome as in the case of the eminent politician.—All the Year Round.

BEAUTY'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

That beauty such as thine
Can die indeed
Were ordinance too wantonly malign!
No wit may reconcile so cold a creed
With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower
Some effluence rare
Was lent thee, a divine but transient dower;
Thou wieldst it back from eyes and lips and hair
To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou tomorrow die,
Thou still shalt be
Found in the rose and met in all the sky,
And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me,
Shouldst thou tomorrow die.
—William Watson.

MAT'S HUSBAND.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wuthless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the crossroads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family. Bill had a dramatic style of delivery that was very fetching, and invariably impressed strangers as being very much in earnest.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the conversation of his coloafers. If Sam's name was mentioned he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which found egress through his nose; then he would draw in a long breath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse his mouth, and give a heavy, whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large quantity of tobacco juice, carefully aimed at some object in the vicinity. These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would rise to his feet, thrust one fat, dirty hand into his shirt front, wave the other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head sadly from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly after the following fashion:

"Ah—hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shif'less, o'nery, triflin cuss I ever seed—an yere I've done got 'im f'r a son-'n-lawr. Hm-hm-hm!" Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume his seat, still shaking his head sorrowfully.

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally Sam was a cowboy, but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin off a spell, t' rest up like."

He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise, and it puzzled people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam, but it is quite certain that she never told any one what that reason was. Sam was tall and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes too. These facts and his perennial good nature and friendly ways were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and also that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was morally so weak that any one could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while Sam would do some work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But oftener than not he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip 'r two," and that would settle it. At such times he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again.

And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would stroke his curly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes—the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firm set mouth and weary look might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon and Mat found some means to pay the debts—only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And, besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told, yet live they did—or rather existed—and for the most part kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could almost always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be, but he did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—four—five—and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, although Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her shawl over her head and went down to her father's to find if they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway talking to a couple of strangers.

"No," he was saying, "they hain't be'n no person 'long yer las' few days but what b'longs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout 'a' be'n seed over yere t' Bacon's. Ben thar? No? Waal, my boy's comin in f'm thar purty soon, an he c'n tell ye. Come in an feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat staid to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Pickett station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel ill and faint. As soon as supper was over she took her shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to find the door open. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for some one to come and feed him.

Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it and drew it forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam! wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "H'lo, M-Mat! Yere, be ye? Gimme kiss," he said in a dull tone.

"Not twell ye tells me whar ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w-y, them—them thar, honey?"

She shook him fiercely and said in a lower tone—a tone of earnest force:

"Tell me, Sam Toms, whar ye done got these yere coins! Quick now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked querulously:

"What 'n hell ye so all fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin," and he laughed in a half drunken, half nervous way.

"Sam, whar did ye git 'em?"

He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam"—her voice was full of horror—"did you steal that thar hoss?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor: slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and presently she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an thar's th' money," she said, and passed on out through the back door without looking at Sam.

* * * * * *

There was a jail at the crossroads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the side hill, and had a heavy oak door and great steel hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape—and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it all happened.

It must be a drunken dream—but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But—he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat who had given him up? There must be some mistake.

The big, strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep like a child.

* * * * * *

It must have been about 1 o'clock in the morning when some one silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This some one entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened a little after this by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up just as the big oaken doors swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle horses.

"I come f'r ye, Sam," said the woman with a sob. "I done bring both ponies an ou' clo'es. Le's go, Sam; we c'n git 'crost th' rivah befo' mawnin. Come!"

He clasped her in his arms, and they clung to each other a little while. Then Mat said, more at a lily:

"Come, Sam. Le's go ovah t' Mexico—an mebbe we c'n try an do better ovah thar."

And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight down toward the Rio Grande—into a new and better life.—R. L. Ketchum in Argonaut.

Tom Moore's Old Harp.

Mr. George W. Childs has the very harp that the people of Limerick presented to Tom Moore—"the pride of all circles and the idol of his own." Moore's widow gave the harp to an English earl, who in turn presented it to George W. Childs. Upon one occasion he lent it to Miss Morgan, and she used it in New York at one of her concerts.—Exchange.

IN TENEBRIS.

I heard her song
Low in the night
From out her casement steal away,
Nor thought it wrong
To steal a sight
Of her—and lo! she knelt to pray.

I heard her say:
"Forgive him, Lord!
Such as he seems he cannot be."
I turned away,
Myself abhorred—
She prayed—and lo! she prayed for me.
—T. W. Hall in Munsey's Magazine.

NERVE.

While Murat was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas and with the troops composing Castanos' army.

He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life. His name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger, for if he were detected his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with."

The young prince augured favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian embassador gave him his dispatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently he determined on the instant not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak but Russian and German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman—to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aids de camp, one of the fanatically patriotic who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst in the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat and red plume of a Spanish peasant.

The officer confronted him with the Pole and said:

"Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant meanwhile was eying the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that having been in Madrid a few weeks before he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barrack, and, said he, "I recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour and recollect him. When we caught him I told my comrade this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discovered the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian, and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours. No wonder then what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in its gloom the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course, but to die at eighteen—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him, "Do you want eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch and with eyes only half opened said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of the Frenchman, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy. For twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harrassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too, when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life; come," answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early four men came to take him before a sort of court martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk they uttered the most horrible threats against him, but true to his determination he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was? He was sent for, and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?"

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its noble character. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti; that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected; the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit can be put to.—H. K. in New York News.

Peculiarities of Nervous Women.

Says a physician who is a specialist in nervous diseases: "The vagaries of nervous women would fill a volume. I have, however, a profound respect for their sincerity and a deep sympathy with their victims. One of my patients, a fine looking woman, with a splendid physique, is reduced to a condition bordering on insanity by a high wind. If she is out in it her misery is heightened. She says she has a dazed, confused feeling that amounts to bewilderment, and she feels as if any moment she would lose her hold on reason and sense.

"Another of my patients cannot endure to hear toast crunched between the teeth of another person. She can eat it herself, but has to leave the table if another does, so great is her distress. In other respects she is a woman of strong character. It would be interesting to trace the origin of such apparently causeless conditions."—New York Times.

The Zither.

The zither is a stringed instrument which has not as yet a very great following in New York. It has the sweetness of the guitar and mandolin, with the depth and richness of the harp. In the hands of an expert performer, who thoroughly understands the scope of the instrument, no music can be more delicious. It is somewhat difficult to learn, is played with both hands, a shield being worn on the thumb of the right hand, and has from thirty-one to forty-four strings.—New York Press.

Fine Clothes.

"The soil of California is so fruitful," said a native of the Golden State, "that a man who accidentally dropped a box of matches in his field discovered the next year a fine forest of telegraph poles."

"That's nothing to my state," said a native of Illinois. "A cousin of mine who lives there lost a button off his jacket and in less than a month he found a brand new suit of clothes hanging on a fence near the spot."—Texas Siftings.

Lost in the Mountains.

"The most remarkable adventure I know of was that of a ten-year-old boy in Colorado," said Rienzi Beauchamp, a guest at the Lindell. "A party of us had gone from Pueblo for a week's hunting and fishing along the Arkansas river. We carried tents and camped out. A man named Britton had his young son with him, a manly little fellow, who could land a trout and bring down an antelope with the best of us. One day he got separated from the party, lost his way and spent the night in the mountains. He had with him a short 38-caliber sporting rifle, a good weapon for small game, but in the section where we were camped mountain lions were plentiful. His father was well nigh distracted, and we searched all night long for the adventurous youngster without avail. Just at sun up we started to return to camp.

"As we descended a ravine we discovered the object of our search, sound asleep, with his head pillowed on an enormous mountain lion, which was curled up as though enjoying a nap. Three of us approached cautiously to within fifty yards, drew a bead on the animal, and at a given signal fired. The brute never stirred. The boy, whom we supposed dead, half rose, rubbed his eyes and inquired peevishly, 'What in blazes are you fellers tryin t' do? I killed this yere lion four hours ago.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Big Open Air Concerts.

In Wales on the occasion of the eisteddford, or annual Welsh bardic congress, the largest open air concert is held every year. In 1891 it was held at Swansea, and was witnessed by between 20,000 and 30,000 people. Prizes are offered for instrumentalists on harp, piano, etc., and also for solos, quartets and choir singing, which are very numerously competed for. Twenty-four parties entered for one of the quartet competitions, and there are always a large number of entries for the great choral competition, which is one of the most attractive features of this congress of musicians. The chief prize at Swansea was £200, with a baton valued at seventy pounds.

Another very large open air concert is that given annually on the garrison recreation grounds at Portsmouth by the massed bands of the garrison, with no fewer than 150 performers, and frequently a larger number. The Tannahill concerts, which used to be held on the braes of Gleniffer, near Paisley, every year, attracted greater crowds than any other open air concerts ever held in Scotland.—London Tit-Bits.

American Appreciation.

A story is going the rounds in regard to an American undergraduate at Cambridge, England, who had given him to criticise at an examination, as a masterpiece of English literature, a passage he had never before seen. He afterward told a friend that it seemed to be "by some American," and he was informed that it was from Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It was sufficiently remarkable that this address, written hastily on the backs of envelopes as the weary president was traveling toward Gettysburg, should have been set for examination at an English university; but the really remarkable thing is that any American boy should have been brought up in ignorance of it.

In the same way it was never fully understood in this nation, and never so much as dreamed in England, that Lowell was really the foremost man of letters in either country, until the mere accident of a few years' residence in London made manifest what we all ought to have known just as well without that. —T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Timid Young Lady.

It is one of the unfortunate features of our social life that young persons are not allowed to act in a simple and natural manner. The young woman is expected to be very reserved and to disclaim any special interest in young men, under penalty of being called "forward" or "bold," and of being thought to be trying to attract attention. In all cases it is much the better way to be outspoken and frank, rather than so shy as to appear awkward and be misunderstood.

No man who is worth knowing would respect a lady less for a straightforward, frank invitation to call. There are many very silly ideas in the world, but the most silly of all is that which some semibrainless men get into their heads when they fancy that all of the girls are running after them. Such vanity is an indication of very little sense.—Philadelphia Times.

An Imitation Sealskin.

An English inventor is bringing out a new fabric in imitation of sealskin. A special machine is employed for knitting a double cloth with pile between, the latter being cut continuous as the double pieces are being knitted in order to separate them. Wool, cotton or other yarns are used to form the foundation, and for the pile silk, mohair or combination yarns of fine fibrous materials. After the cutting operation which separates the two pieces has been effected, the piled face of each fabric undergoes a cutting or shearing process for taking out the unevenness of the pile, and afterward it is scoured or milled, and then dyed, stained, tinted and lacquered to produce the required color and luster.—Cloak Review.

The Elements of a Novel.

A young woman who has a kindergarten in Avenue C has a practice of telling the children stories. One day she called for a return of the favor, whereupon a small girl began in a whisper: "Once there was a father and a mother, and the mother got sick, and she said, 'Be good to me, I'm sick.' And she kept on being sick, and they died in each other's arms." Certainly, for brevity and breadth, this laconic tragedy could hardly have been better put. In these thirty-five words there are elements enough for a three column tale.—New York Times.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Sparing Patti's Nerves.

An anecdote has been traveling around the circles of the Back Bay which has created ripples of merriment wherever it was told. It appears while Mme. Patti was over here and was suffering from the bereavement of her dear dog, at the same time and in the same hotel there sojourned Mrs. Iyasagi and her little daughter, who had just returned from a trip to California, and who were waiting for their house to be put in order. The great diva was nervous and anxious, the loss of her favorite having played havoc with her nerves, and she thought that the romping and merriment of the little girl in the next suite of rooms was particularly trying on her sensitive temperament.

Accordingly her maid presented herself at Mrs. Iyasagi's door, and presenting madam's compliments requested, if possible, to restrain the young lady from being more lively than absolutely necessary. "Madam says," she added, "the death of her dog is a very great sorrow to her; she has not gotten over it yet, and if she gets too excited she could not sing."

The message was received with all the grace such neighborly messages are usually received with, and was subsequently related to the young lady personally concerned in the matter. She listened, pouted prettily and then said, "Oh, mamma, will you send up and tell Mme. Patti not to sing so much, because my alligator is sick, and if he dies I'll be ever so much worried over it." It has not transpired whether the appeal ever reached the diva.—Boston Globe.

Major Benjamin Butterworth denies the rumor that he is a candidate for governor of Ohio.

Arthur Hood, aged 16, has been sentenced at Wabash, Ind., to imprisonment in the reform school until he becomes 21. He has been a professional burglar of freight cars.

Jobie Armstrong, 6 years old fell on the sidewalk at Fairbury, Ills., and was killed.

Emma Senn threw herself in front of a moving train at Eau Claire, Wis., with suicidal intent. She was dragged from the track in time to save her life.

The Victoria railroad bridge over the St. Lawrence river at Montreal is two miles in length. It cost about $5,000,000, and contains 10,500 tons of iron and 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry.

Juan Antonio Flores, a lieutenant in Garza's revolutionary army, is on trial at San Antonio, Tex., for violating neutrality laws.

The Indianapolis Sentinel offers $100 reward for the first arrest and conviction of the desecraters of Union soldiers' graves in Hendricks, Henry and Morgan counties, Ind.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 799 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 186 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 12th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Newson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Joe A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; E B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 2823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 253 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J J Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denslauer, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 361 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 805 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F M Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; P McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4438 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 909 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 561 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 399 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 288 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtsch, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Bocol hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 509 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bitndauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne avs.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 225 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 598 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Hetzricha, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R F Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Bommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1429 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

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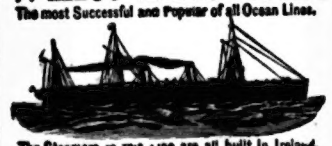

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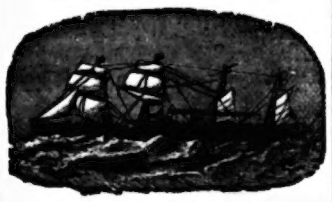

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